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DEC. 5, 1956

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Barry Swaabe

In a Gloucestershire drawing-room

THE HON. MRS. RONALD NALL-CAIN is photographed in the drawing-room of Maisemore Park, Gloucester, with her three sons, David nine months, Charles four and a half, and Richard a year younger. They are the grandsons of Lord and Lady Bocket. Mrs. Nall-Cain is a keen artist

and when time permits enjoys sketching landscapes. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Stallard of Crowborough, Sussex. Her husband is a most successful farmer and this year won over ninety prizes with his Aberdeen Angus cattle. He is Lord Bocket's elder son and heir

THE URUGUAYAN AMBASSADOR AND HIS FAMILY

H.E. THE AMBASSADOR for Uruguay at the Court of St. James's is Senor Dr. Don Jose Antonia Quadros, who has held this appointment since 1954. He is photographed with Mme. Quadros and their two young daughters in the Embassy in Lennox Gardens, S.W.1. Uruguay is the smallest of the South American Republics and its people are predominantly Spanish and Italian in descent



Godfrey Cake

Social Journal

Jennifer

HER MAJESTY'S EXAMPLE

THE Queen is once again setting the country a splendid example—in this instance to the motorists. Her Majesty has given definite instructions that, except for a few official occasions, she only wishes to use her small Daimler car; then when possible to take as many of her entourage as possible with her. Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle and Sandringham are all to have the same cuts in oil as any other houses in the country. The Queen has asked that the use of petrol and oil throughout the estates should also be reduced to the minimum, to help towards minimizing the effects of the oil shortage.

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IT was a great occasion for many budding young actors and actresses when Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visited the R.A.D.A. Vanburgh Theatre. Her Majesty sat in the centre of the front row of the dress circle attended by Lady Fermoy and Capt. Martin Gilliat, and saw a splendid performance of *The Silver Curlew*, a fairy-tale by Eleanor Farjeon with music by Clifton Parker, beautifully acted, and well produced by John Fernald. Outstanding among the cast in my opinion were Ann Beach as Poll, the younger daughter of Mother Codling, a part played very well by Thelma Whiteley. Gail Starforth was a most amusing Old Nan still ruling King Nollekens with a rod of iron as if he was still in the nursery! This part was filled by Colin Barnes who also showed a great sense of fun.

Earl and Countess Attlee were in the audience, sitting in the stalls, where I also saw Sir Louis and Lady Sterling, inveterate first nighters, Mr. Cecil Madden, who was later rushing off to the B.B.C. to watch one of his programmes going on the air, Sir Alfred Bossom, and that very attractive and talented actress Nora Swinburne, who was greeting many friends around her in the interval. Sir Terence and Lady Nugent were watching from the dress circle.

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THE British Red Cross Society is one which needs and deserves all the support one can give; over 600 guests came to the annual Red Cross Ball at the Dorchester Hotel with this idea, and lucky pro-

grammes and tombola tickets sold like wildfire. The Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston, chairman of the Ball Committee, received the guests with Miss Rosemary Benda, the very active and successful chairman of the Junior Committee, and Rear-Admiral George Ross, the hon. treasurer. The Hon. Hugh Lawson-Johnston was there to help his wife, and among their guests were the Argentine Ambassador, Señor Candiotti, and the Hon. Miles and Mrs. Lampson.

Lady Audley, a vice-chairman, had a party including Lady Forteviot, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butler, Lady Frances Berendt and Mr. Beddington Behrens. The next table was very international as there was Austrian Count Joseph Czernin, sitting next to Miss Marion Schlitter from Germany, Count Otto of Hapsburg, who had just arrived from Vienna, Mr. and Mrs. Killander who are Swedish, Col. and Mrs. Thyssen from the Netherlands Embassy, and Nadéjda Lady Muir and her two sisters, Madame Hélène Guépin and Miss Stancioff, whose father was a former Belgian Ambassador in London. Lord and Lady Mancroft were in another party.

Among the large number of young people present who had worked hard to raise money, so badly needed at the moment for Red Cross supplies in Hungary, were Mr. and Mrs. Martin Busk, Lady Marye White, Miss Valda Rogerson, Mr. Philip de Laszlo, Mr. and Mrs. Euan McCorquodale, Capt. John Greener, Miss Belinda Fox, Mr. Nicholas Akroyd, Mr. Robert Buxton, the Hon. Hazel Scott-Ellis, the Hon. Mary Stopford and Miss Diana Child.

★ ★ ★

THE Royal Institute Galleries were so crowded for the private view day of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition, that at times it was hard to see the paintings. In the big West Gallery the place of honour goes to the President's, Mr. James Gunn, big full-length picture of H.M. the Queen. Personally, I found the smaller half-length picture of our wonderful young Queen, painted by Sir William Hutchison, hanging on the opposite wall, a far better likeness. Beside Sir William's picture hangs a conversation piece, by Simon Elwes, of the Marquess of Waterford and his brother Lord Patrick Beresford, in hunting pink, at their home in Ireland. Another conversation piece which came in for much praise is the one by Robin Goodwin of the Baker Wilbraham

family at breakfast at their home Rode Hall in Cheshire. There are also some fine paintings by that great artist Mr. David Jagger.

Anna Zinkeisen has done a brilliant picture of a hospital nurse, Sister Henley, with a baby on her lap, and on the same wall of the big South Gallery is Edward Seago's splendid portrait of Sir Ian Fraser, M.P., which hangs near Edward I. Halliday's striking full-length painting of Mrs. Pandit, the High Commissioner for India in London. The great Italian painter Pietro Annigoni has two portraits in the exhibition, one called "Gulliver," which looked to me remarkably like a self-portrait, and the brilliant head and shoulders of the lovely Duchess of Devonshire which we saw in the Royal Academy this summer. I was very interested to see hanging nearby on the same wall a picture of Mrs. Hervey Stuart-Black, painted by one of Annigoni's young pupils, Douglas Anderson, who has already shown great promise. This portrait of his, which is a truly delightful picture, came in for much praise while I was there.

Two other young painters, also in their early twenties, who have examples of their work in this exhibition are Sarah Hollebone and Meriel Gold. The former has two portraits, of which the one of ninety-two year old Mrs. Cormack is outstanding. There are six paintings by Anthony Devas, whose portrait of Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich, wife of the U.S. Ambassador, is a brilliant likeness.

Going round the galleries I met the Countess of Bessborough escorted by Mr. Charles Harding, who runs a very successful art gallery in Mount Street, Lady Killearn talking to Lady Meyer whose husband, Sir Anthony Meyer, is at our Embassy in Moscow, and her mother Mrs. Charles Knight, the Hon. Mrs. Hill with Mrs. Jessica de Pass and Mrs. de Sola, the Hon. Mrs. Earl, who recently had an exhibition of portraits in London, Mrs. Alan Butler, and Lady Flavia Anderson accompanied by her young artist son Douglas.

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MISS CLAIRE BARING, daughter of Mr. Giles Baring and Mrs. Mona Baring, looked lovely but wistfully pensive as she walked up the aisle of St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the arm of her father, to become the wife of the Hon. Peter Ward, younger son of the Earl of Dudley and the late Viscountess Ednam. She wore a Dudley heirloom tiara of pearls and diamonds to hold her tulle veil in place. Her wedding dress was of superbly cut chalk-white slipper satin, designed for her by Ronald Paterson; with it she carried a shower bouquet of sweet-scented white flowers.

Her retinue of tiny children included three pages, Nicholas Sykes, James Douglas-Home and Alexander Baring, in long red velvet trousers and cummerbunds with white silk shirts. The little girls—the Hon. Rose Lambton, the Hon. Laura Grenfell, Annabel Janson, Serena North and Camilla Baring—wore long pink organza dresses with

circlets of pink and white flowers on their heads, and carried posies of the same flowers. The hymns and music during the service were very beautiful, and a change from the usual wedding music. There was Psalm XXIII to Brother James' Air, those lovely hymns "Come, my way, my truth, my life" (George Herbert, 1593-1633), and "Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty," then during the signing of the register, the Anthem, "How lovely is Thy dwelling place," to music by Brahms.

The reception was held at Admiralty House, where the bride's parents (her mother looking smart in a navy blue dress and red hat) received relatives and friends with the bridegroom's father. Among the guests were Princess Margaret and Princess Margaretha, eldest daughter of the King of Sweden. The former sat by the bridegroom's family during the service and was escorted down the aisle to her car by the Earl of Dudley. Her Royal Highness went on to the reception, but only to give her best wishes to the bride and bridegroom and sit for a photograph with the bridal group; then she left before the other guests were ushered in to be received.

IN her very simple and democratic way, Princess Margaretha, a truly lovely and natural girl, beautifully turned out and unrecognized by most present, slipped quietly in among the guests with Miss Karina Boyle, at whose home she is living while she is in England. The Swedish Princess stood waiting patiently at the top of the stairs with other guests while the photographs were being taken, then with others made way for Princess Margaret to leave, and finally took her place in the long queue to go into the receiving room. After greeting the bride and bridegroom, guests were directed downstairs, where the suite of reception rooms with their magnificent pictures on the walls were all used for the occasion.

Many members of both families were present; among them were the bridegroom's brother, Viscount Ednam, and his very attractive wife, who was in brown, with their good-looking nine-year-old son, the Hon. William Ward, wearing a red carnation in his buttonhole: they were talking to Cdr. Colin Buist. I saw the bridegroom's aunts and uncles—Lady Honor Bridgeman, Lady Morvyth Benson, Lady Patricia Ward (who, incidentally, has recently moved into a house near Oxford), the Hon. Edward Ward with the Hon. Mrs. Ward, his twin brother, the Hon. George Ward, M.P., and the Duke of Sutherland with the Duchess of Sutherland, who looked attractive in black with a snow-white mink collar and headband.

Among members of the bride's family were her grandmother, the Hon. Mrs. Guy Baring, her aunt, Mrs. Cecil Fielden, her uncles, Mr. Simon Baring and his very pretty wife—their tiny daughter Camilla was a bridesmaid—Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Baring and Mr. Esmond Baring, whose two teenage daughters, Caroline and Patricia, were both present, Lord and Lady Ashburton were there with their two sons, the Hon.

[Continued overleaf]



Mr. R. G. Woodwark, Mrs. Woodwark and Dr. Henry Robinson



Miss Muriel Dixon and Sir Campbell Stuart at the Dorchester Hotel



Mr. J. Langford-Holt, M.P., with his wife, and Mr. Harold Lever, M.P.



Lord Soulbury, Lady Wakeley and Sir Cecil Wakeley, Bt., the surgeon



Van Hallan

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK was guest of honour at the annual dinner of the Society of Yorkshiremen in London. Above, Lord Justice Birkett being received by Sir Harry Brittain, President of the Society, and Miss E. M. Knowles



THE HON. PETER ALISTAIR WARD and his bride, the former Miss Claire Leonora Baring, were photographed after their marriage at St. Margaret's, Westminster, with H.R.H. Princess Margaret; the bridegroom's father, the Earl of Dudley; the bride's parents, Mr. Giles Baring and Mrs. Mona Baring; the attendants, and the best man, Mr. W. Wallace

Faye

John and the Hon. Robin Baring, who were among the ushers, and also present were the Hon. Mrs. John Baring, the Dowager Lady St. Just, and the bride's half-sister, Mrs. John Baring, with her husband.

There were no speeches, and after the bride and groom had cut their cake, Mr. Billy Wallace, who was best man, asked guests to drink the health of Peter and Claire.

Other friends at the wedding included the American Ambassador and the Spanish Ambassador, the lovely Duchess of Argyll and her daughter Miss Frances Sweeny, the Dowager Duchess of Rutland, the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Marlborough, Loelia Duchess of Westminster talking to Princess Radziwill, the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, Princess Dimitri in a chinchilla jacket, Viscount and Viscountess Hambleden—the latter wearing a striking rose-trimmed hat with her black dress—Lord Plunket, the Hon. Katharine Smith, Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam and her younger daughter Lady Naylor-Leyland, Mrs. Jean Garland, Mrs. Rosie Clyde, Lady Dynevor, Mr. "Chips" Channon, the Earl of Warwick, his son Lord Brooke with Lady Brooke, Miss Merle Oberon, very chic in black with touches of white mink, and Admiral Sir Ralph and Lady Edwards, who are shortly off to the Mediterranean where he takes up a new post; they came with Mr. and Mrs. Robin McAlpine, who had a lunch party for several friends before the wedding.

I ALSO saw Sir Hugh and Lady Smyley, Lady George Scott, Mr. and Mrs. I. D. Greenwell, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Laycock, Mrs. Anthony Acton, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior, the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, Mrs. Bea Holcroft, Mrs. Rex Benson and her daughter Mrs. Mark Bonham Carter, whose six-year-old daughter, the Hon. Lavinia Grenfell, was a bridesmaid, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Williams, the Hon. Hugh Fraser and his lovely bride (he had to go back to the House after the church ceremony, and missed the reception), and the Hon. Colin and Lady Anne Tennant.

Lady Amabel Lindsay was there, also Mr. Ian and Lady Caroline Gilmour, Mme. de Herron looking very chic in a feather-trimmed cap,

the Hon. Mrs. Julian Berry, Viscountess Lambton, Lady Sykes, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hornby, Mr. and Mrs. C. Seymour and Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Christopher Bridge, Mrs. Peter Wiggin, Mr. Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Elise Hunt talking to Prince and Princess Hohenloe, and a bevy of attractive young girls, among whom were Lady Mary Bailey in a large snow-white fur cossack hat, Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, the Hon. Diana Herbert, Miss Elizabeth Hoyer-Millar, and Miss Jane Allday, who has not been seen at many parties this autumn as she is studying hard at Oxford.

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THE ball which is organized each year by the old girls association of four schools; St. James's at West Malvern, Abbots Hill at King's Langley, the Francis Holland School in Graham Street and West Heath at Sevenoaks, in aid of the Katherine Low Settlement, is always a well run affair. A most important factor, too, is that it raises a good sum for the Settlement which, I am told, is the only one of its kind in Battersea, where it provides clubs for young people. The Countess of Darnley (not the Countess of Derby as I wrote a few weeks ago) was chairman of the ball this year, and flew over from Brussels, where she is living at present, for the committee meetings and the ball. Her vice-chairman Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, looking most attractive in black and lovely diamonds, brought a big party with Sir Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid including his brother Col. James d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, Mr. and Mrs. Toby Waddington and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dennis.

Mrs. Hubert Raphael had also worked untiringly for the ball, and with Mr. Raphael brought another big party. Their guests included Viscount and Viscountess Vaughan, Lord and Lady Chesham, Mr. Ronald and Lady Gloria Flower, Mr. and Mrs. Murrrough O'Brien, and Capt. Tom Hussey. In another party I saw Lord and Lady Monson who were dancing energetically, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman and Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Don.

Lady Rose Bligh was chairman of the junior committee and among

young friends who came to support it were Miss Heather Turner-Laing and her half-sister Miss Wendy Raphael, Miss Lucinda de Salis, the Hon. Christine Campbell-Gray, the Hon. Clodagh Morris and Miss Helene de Miramon. Three of the headmistresses were also present, Miss Mary Anstruther of St. James's, Miss Yeo of Abbots Hill, and Miss Bowden, of the Francis Holland School.

Among the lucky prizes at this ball were a dress kindly given by Mr. Hardy Amies, a hat, and lengths of tweed. There was also a tombola with a variety of wonderful gifts.

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"BRITISH PORTRAITS," which form the winter exhibition now open at the Royal Academy of Art at Burlington House, is one of the finest ever to be arranged. There are over 800 portraits and busts dating from the very early sixteenth century to the present day, including works by such great artists as Holbein (the Younger), Van Dyck, Lely, Gainsborough, Joshua Reynolds, Stubbs (whose pictures usually include a horse), Hoppner, Lawrence, Raeburn, Millais, Winterhalter, Orpen, Sargent, Sickert, Augustus John, Gerald Kelly, Matthew Smith, Graham Sutherland, Epstein, Reid Dick and the Italian painter Pietro Annigoni, whose famous picture of the Queen hangs in the small South Room.

It was quite impossible to view and appreciate these many fine works in one visit, and like many others I hope to return during a spare hour in the winter months.

Going round the galleries at the Private View were the Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Schreiber, the Afghan Ambassador, the Princess of Berar accompanied by Baroness Ruthven, Lady Northbourne, Lady Birley, Lady Norman, Viscountess Vaughan, Lady Ingleby-Mackenzie, Lady Munnings, the Hon. James Smith, Lady Marks, Viscountess Jellicoe who, while her own children are at school, is devoting much of her time to helping with relief for Hungarian children, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Lady Melchett, Mrs. Harry Wagg and one of her granddaughters, the Hon. Mrs. Agnew, and Countess Howe whom I met near Gainsborough's fine painting of Richard, Earl Howe, which had been lent by her husband. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll, who were off to Scotland that evening, Mr. John Wyndham, Earl and Countess Beauchamp, and Lord and Lady Methuen accompanied by Miss Lena Ramsden, were others there who had lent some of their fine pictures. Lord Methuen is having an exhibition of his own work (he is a very clever artist), in London in February.

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H.H. PRINCESS MARIE-LOUISE has consented to be present at the Annual dinner at the Mansion House in aid of the Dockland Settlements. This will take place next Friday, December 7 when among the speakers will be Lord Lloyd of Dolobran, Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Colonial Office. It is hoped to raise £5,000 for the Settlements, which do so much good for youth in the East End. Tickets may be obtained from Sir Reginald Kennedy-Cox, Dockland Settlements, Canning Town, E.16.

H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Kent will attend "New Airs and Graces," a programme of children's ballet and dancing, to be given at the Scala Theatre next Saturday, December 8, at 2.30 p.m. This is in aid of the Forces' Help Society and Lord Roberts Workshops. Tickets may be had from Miss Marjorie Sandeman, 35 Thurloe Street, London, S.W.7.

It is to be hoped that those interested in the game of golf will turn up in full force at the Dorchester Hotel next Monday, December 10, for the ball in aid of the Golf Foundation. Brig. Gen. Critchley is President, and the aim of the Foundation is the advancement of golf in Britain. It is a non-profit making organization, so that all its resources are used for the good of the game, and it achieves its purpose by free tuition for boys and girls. Nearly 7,000 young players receive free instruction every year at 230 schools. It is in the hope of extending this scheme that the Golf Foundation is appealing for support. Tickets for the ball on application to Brig. Gen. Critchley, 79 Davies Street, W.1.

MANY of the younger generation are doing all they can to raise money and help the people of Hungary, who are suffering such terrible hardships. From Miss Tessa Kaye I hear there is to be a "Debs Ball" at the Hungarian Restaurant on December 19 to raise money for this cause. Tessa, who only left school and came out this year, is joint-chairman with Mr. Keith Fisher, and they have a very youthful committee. Tickets from Miss Tessa Kaye, The Garden House, Vale of Health, Hampstead, N.W.3.

The Downside, Ascot and Ampleforth dance will take place at the Dorchester Hotel on December 17. Tickets from the Hon. Secretary, Miss Patience Storey, 38 Park West, London, W.2.

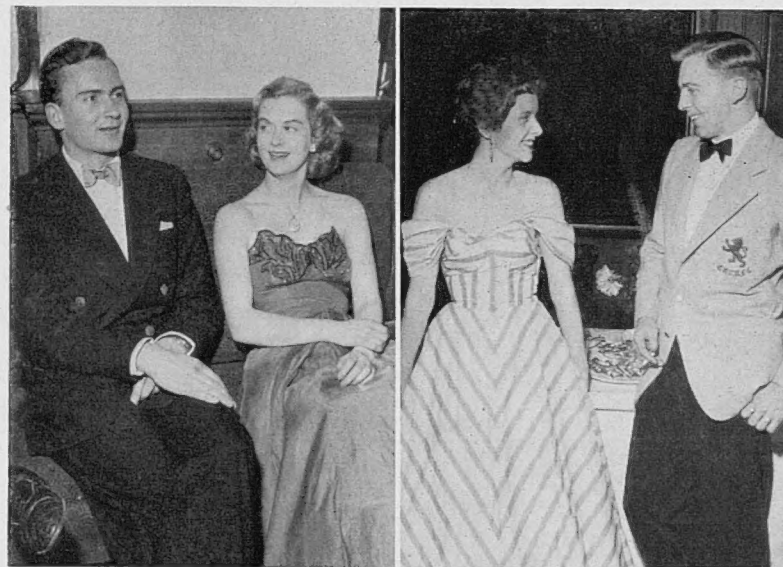


Mr. John Howard, Miss Elizabeth Duke, Miss Patricia Walker and Mr. Adrian Salter

Van Hallan

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL Boat Club ball, held at St. Thomas's House, was a very gay event. The Royal Artillery band played for dancing supported by a jazz band of students from St. Thomas's and the Middlesex Hospital

Mr. Peter Pigott, B.C. captain, Miss Rosemary Eckford with Miss Maryann Bellhouse Mr. D. G. H. Jones, a student



Mr. Michael Hilton Budd and debutante Miss Ann Halse

Miss Jan Clarke was dancing with Mr. Alastair Griffith



Miss Alison Bradford was sitting out with Mr. Philip de Laszlo

THE RED CROSS BALL

THE ball given by the County of London branch of the Red Cross is always a popular event, especially amongst the younger people, and this year more than five hundred guests were present. Dancing went on until the early morning, and the tombola also was immensely popular with guests

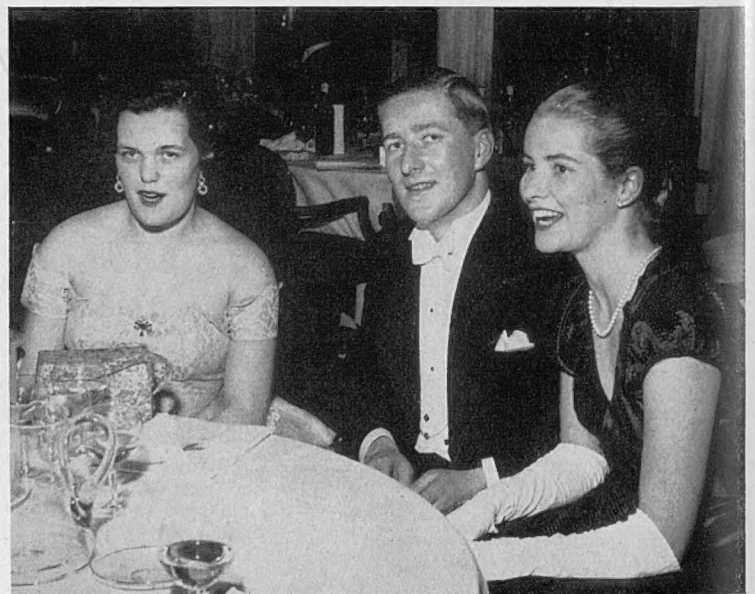
Photographs by Desmond O'Neill



Miss Sonia Avory, Lord Willoughby de Eresby and Miss Anne Johnson



The Hon. Mrs. H. Lawson-Johnston, ball chairman, Rear-Admiral G. C. Ross and Miss Rosemary Benda



Lady Jennifer Bernard, Mr. David d'Ambrunil and Miss Shane Newton



Mr. David Gow and his fiancée, Miss Annabel Mayson, had been studying the programme



Miss Elizabeth Durlacher and Mr. Forbes Playfair were among the guests

Miss Caroline Dugdale and Mr. Ian Graham

Miss Lucy Fisher was dancing with Mr. Bobbie Buxton

Mr. James Hurlock and Miss Alison England



Mr. L. Walker-Munro, Miss C. Constable-Maxwell, Miss C. Turton



Miss Gill McCormack and Mr. Mark Bentley were others there



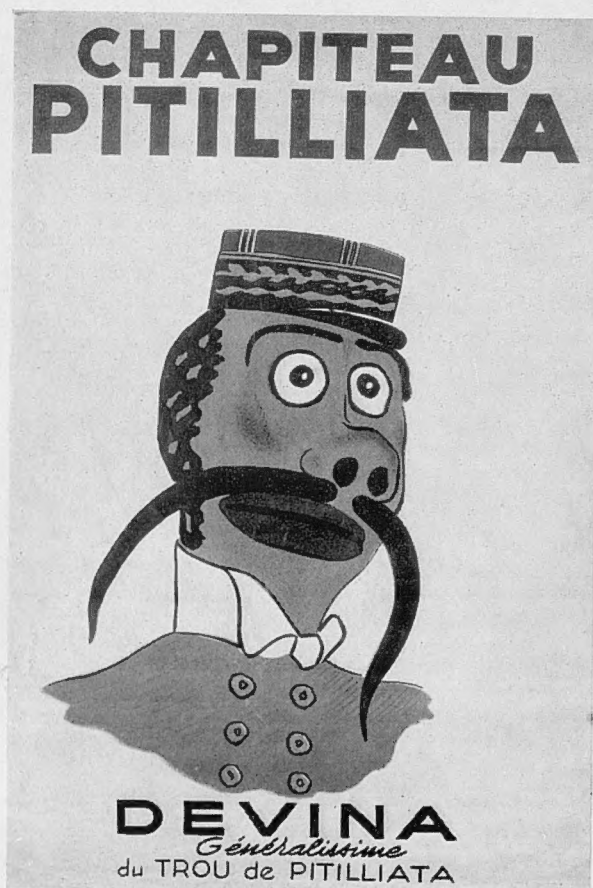
Count Joseph Czernin, Miss M. Schlitter and Count Leo Hapsburg

THE WEIRDEST CIRCUS IN THE WORLD

ANTONY HIPPISELEY COXE, a leading annotator of the circus, describes a wildly amusing variation of the sawdust ring which he found rehearsing in France



Professor Maladolli (above) sits in his winter quarters, surrounded by his creations. Below, the posters advertising this extraordinary circus are shorn of meretricious trimmings. Their message is direct



THIS is the season of circuses and pantomimes. Sons and daughters, nephews and nieces, and, I have no doubt, fathers, mothers, uncles and aunts, are all wondering which to see as a Christmas treat. And for many this is a pretty problem. It has, however, been solved perfectly by Professor Cincinnatus Maladolli. He is rehearsing a specially devised pantomime in the ring of his own circus in France.

Monsieur le Professeur is, unfortunately, little known in this country. Yet he is a unique figure in the world of the circus, a man of great charm, deep intelligence and certainly the most eccentric person in Europe—probably in the world.

He is the author of books and papers on cervidae, parasitism, politics, comparative sociology, and equitation. But the atmosphere of his Normandy home is about as far removed from that of the Reading Room at the British Museum, as Aaron from Zymosis.

If, on your next holiday in France, you turn off Route Nationale 182 at Gaillon, you will approach a pleasant little villa through wrought-iron gates. It is no use ringing the bell, for nobody will come. Peer through the windows, and you will see an antediluvian landscape, strewn with miniature dinosaurs and pterodactyls on one side, and a room full of *papier mâché* puppets, the characters of his pantomime, on the other. These are the sole inhabitants of the house; Monsieur le Professeur lives in one of the many caravans and trailers which fill the yard and garden, surrounded by his collection of animals, which includes horses, llamas, guanacos, goats, zebus, deer and dogs, and human beings amongst whom you will find gypsies, showmen, art students, acrobats, a talented lady of colour, a general factotum who goes by the name of Napoleon III, and an enchanting child reputed to be of Romany and Indo-Chinese parentage called Marie-La-Jaune.

Here the professor spends his days, as he has whiled away most of the eighty-five years of his life, training animals for his own circus.

HORSES have been his main passion. Born into a family of world-famous bankers, he soon forsook high finance for *la haute école*, studying under Monsieur Raux, last pupil of the famous François Baucher. And now, sixty years or more later, dressed in the ancient costume of Versailles, with a powdered wig—and on occasions, for some completely unknown reason, a bright green beard—Monsieur le Professeur rides round the sawdust ring of his *Cirque Cocassien*, explaining to a puzzled peasantry the complicated airs which Pluvinal, La Guerinière, Baucher and Fillis presented on horseback: “a whole history of High School in six minutes.”

He has written a brochure on the same subject in medieval French; while another of his books gives a profound analysis of Baucher's technique—before plunging into a description of how, in Naples, he once found a stranger in his bed, and got rid of him by pretending to be a Mohammedan.

As like as not he will greet you with arm upraised and the cry of “Heil Hitler!” But he is certainly no Fascist: his son was killed in the French Resistance, and he had every good reason to hate the Nazis. Such a gesture is designed to shock, to *épater la bourgeoisie* whom he despises. One of his visiting cards serves the same purpose; it proclaims that he suffers from a number of

unpleasant diseases and has enjoyed more than one conviction.

The only case in which he was involved, to my knowledge, was when a *garde champêtre* chased a poacher over the wall into the professor's yard. While the poacher escaped, Cincinnatus Maladolli threw the keeper into the pond. In court the professor's defence was that his action, which he did not deny, "was merely a question of purification; for had not this oaf of a *garde champêtre* passed in front of the sacred cow of India without removing his shoes?"

He receives his more welcome visitors in his "office," a room decorated with mirrors and tinsel, and littered with whips, spurs, swords, books, manuscripts, briar pipes and the strange brass musical instruments of clowns. Across the ceiling, golden hoof-marks lead the eye to a trapeze which hangs from the centre in place of a chandelier. On a stove, the size of a pillar-box, a kettle is always simmering away. A streamlined refrigerator rubs shoulders with an old-fashioned desk—on which stands a tape recorder.

That tape recorder is important. It provides all the music, dialogue and incredible "noises off" for Monsieur le Professeur's Circus-Pantomime, for there are no human performers. In this phantasmagoric burlesque the characters are played by animals or puppets. The puppets are manipulated from below, those working them being hidden in a sort of tower set at the centre of the ring, rather like a Punch and Judy show, but open all round at "stage" level. On the surrounding sawdust, deer, guanaco, llamas and zebu appear; while goats drag on the Golden Cannon and *poney-pompiers* work the fire-engine. And if, at the end, the audience should call for the author, then a horse has been trained to come forward and take his call.

BUT the principal characters are puppets. First, there are the two Pitilliatas, who give the pantomime its name. These are identical ogres, who speak the same words at the same time, each proclaiming that he alone is the true Pitilliat. They live on children and fruit which is not yet ripe; and they end by eating each other.

Then there is Bebouline von Millinertz, Lord High Chancellor in the land of Poutroufous, who lives in complete harmony with everyone, because he is understood by none (although, of course, it is forbidden not to understand him). His own special and quite incomprehensible language has made him the greatest orator of the age, and the confidant of all. There is also Souflot, the architect who starts building houses from the roof downwards. And so on.

The plot is like a nightmare, with the same ghastly lunatic logic in its detail. The Golden Cannon is a piece of ordnance which it is impossible to capture, *for it has already been sold to the enemy*. The scenes might well leave far behind the most magnificent Augustus Harris production at Drury Lane, were it not for the technical limitations imposed by the circus ring. It is a little difficult to stage a naval battle in the sawdust, even if one admiral does leave the enemy fleet high and dry, by drinking up the sea. . . .

YET somehow I doubt whether even this production will reach the heights of fantasy which surround the Professor's everyday life. The stories about him are both legion and legendary. How he started off by calling himself Professor Pipioli, before his family put their foot down and he changed his *nom-de-guerre* to Maladolli. . . . How he would affect a strong Yiddish accent in front of the Nazis during the Occupation. . . . How he once asked me to take some money to a retired servant, telling her that it was conscience money collected from the underworld of Paris, so that she would not know it had come from him; and how, to substantiate the story and give it colour, I was dressed up like Mack the Knife.

But it is often the little things which surprise one most; and I shall never forget, after luncheon one day, watching him engrossed in wrapping the end of his cigar very carefully in cigarette paper and inserting it in the bowl of a pipe, before lighting it.

England can boast of quite a few eccentrics—among them a Rothschild (distantly related to the professor, I have been told) whose carriage was drawn by zebras—but few can have reached the happy state of Cincinnatus Maladolli. For he is happy; and never is he so happy as when he is rehearsing his animals for the pantomime of *Les Deux Pitilliatas*, or riding his favourite horse round the ring of his own circus.



Another high functionary of the circus, devised by the Professor's ingenious brain, is seen as a poster



Marie-La-Jaune, a small Indo-Chinese member of the Professor's entourage

Ponies, goats and a dog pull that formidable piece of ordnance, the Golden Cannon



A clown's car stands outside the training barn. (Vintage motorists please copy)

The Week in Paris

MIST ALONG THE SEINE

QUITE suddenly, the leaves have blown off the trees along the Seine, leaving the city with its bare winter outline, which is just as breathtakingly beautiful as the chestnuts-in-blossom phase which songwriters rave about. The fruit of these romantic blossoms is now being sold, hot and black, from large iron pans by most unromantic little men in mufflers and berets, at the gates of the Luxembourg and the Tuileries.

This week, in any case, the weather has done its best to make Paris look grey and sad, perhaps in sympathy with world events. But the rain has only succeeded in washing the slate roofs to the colour of pigeons' feathers, and the globes of the great branched lamps in the Place du Théâtre Français glow like exotic fruit trees bearing golden grapefruit, in the swirling mist which at dusk cloaks everything in a fairy-tale haze, and is referred to as *le brouillard*. Twenty times a day I have had to smile politely at the remark that one now no doubt feels quite at home, and I could not cause disillusion on the subject by explaining that no resemblance exists between our traditional pea-soupers, and these beautiful, clinging grey tendrils, which wrap themselves around the river and the trees, but have the tact not to insinuate themselves indoors.

OUR concierge polished all the door-handles, and the knobs at the turn of the stairs, remarking rather sourly as I passed her that They can't interfere with her keeping the house clean, even if They choose to let the world get into a mess. In times of stress, one always notices the sudden emergence of mysterious creatures known as They. They say the *chauffage* won't last much longer; petrol has been restricted to the metropolis, and They refused to allow old Madame Bellechasse permission to drive out into the country to visit her cousin (immobilized for years by arthritis in Seine-et-Oise), saying that it was not a sufficient *motif*, and in any case, if she got there, They could not guarantee whether she would ever get back again. To escape from the rain, and the *brouillard*, and They, I went, like a great many other people in Paris, to the Musée Cluny, to visit the set of tapestries known as "La Dame et le Licorne," which I had not seen when they were on exhibition at the Victoria and Albert some years ago. They have found a perfect setting in a circular room caparisoned like a medieval tent, whose soft shade of grey sets off the dull scarlet background of the tapestries, against which prance endearingly a beaming lion, the Lady, and the Unicorn with its elegantly flowing tail, and twisted sugar-candy horn.

A REAL ivory horn clamped to the wall draws much speculation from the small boys who overrun the museum on Thursday afternoons. "But there's no such animal. It's a fake!" declared a small creature with enormous spectacles and a pasty face, who looked as if he might grow up to be a Professor of Economics. To my delight, he was pounced upon by a fierce old lady. "And what do YOU know about it?" she demanded. "There are so many extraordinary things in the world already, a unicorn would be no difficulty at all, let me tell you!" The Professor, abashed, said no more, but looked impressed in spite of himself.

The tapestries were woven in the fifteenth century, as a betrothal present for a young widow, Mme. de Vist. Into the brilliant carpet of flowers and leaves are worked a number of comic and adorable animals, with faintly surprised expressions, each the symbol of a virtue or quality. The monkey represents frivolity, the fox, cunning, the little dog, fidelity. I was still speculating upon an age in which people had the time and the imagination to devise such beautiful surprises for their loved ones, when the guardian came round clanking his keys, and herded us towards the rainy street. It was five o'clock already, and They had come into their own again.

—Auriel Malet

(deputizing for Priscilla who is indisposed)



Gerard Decaux

Midinettes into "old maids"

ON ST. CATHERINE'S DAY all French girls who are not married before they are twenty-five are officially proclaimed "old maids." After a party, with champagne, the girls dressed in the most bizarre of fashions (above) go into the streets and frolic



Everyone participates in preparing the midinettes for their Day, and above, Mme. Genevieve Fath, head of the couture establishment, herself assists

Each "atelier" has its own decor. This one has as a background to its Portuguese washerwomen fishing nets, glass floats, devil-fish and crabs





Wife of a great industrialist

LADY THOMAS, wife of Sir Miles Thomas, was born in Oxfordshire, and met her husband after he had joined Lord Nuffield's organization as promotion adviser. They were married in 1924. During the war Lady Thomas served with the Women's Auxiliary Police Corps. When Sir Miles had become Chairman of B.O.A.C. she frequently travelled with him, and

shared his popularity among the Corporation's staff. Sir Miles and Lady Thomas have two children, Lt.-Cdr. Michael Thomas, R.N., and Dr. Sheila von Bergen, J.P., and five grandchildren. The dignified portrait of Lady Thomas is by Mr. Cowan Dobson, who has exhibited his paintings in America, Spain, France and Italy, as well as in the British Isles



FESTIVE REGENT STREET



ONE feels that the Prince Regent would have thoroughly approved the present series of decorations that Regent Street is making fashionable. After all, it was he who provided the incentive for the beautiful designs of John Nash which set the thoroughfare in its way to fame, fortune and beauty. It was Nash's idea to link Marylebone Park (now Regent's Park) to Carlton House, the Prince Regent's home, with a superb processional way, courteously to be named Regent Street. The design separated the smart West End from the shabby Soho.

It was seven years before, in 1826, Nash's wonderful Quadrant, with its covered colonnades, sweeping sinuously from Piccadilly Circus, was completed, but in 1826 the whole magnificent composition was a reality. From Regent's Street to Carlton House you could drive in splendour. The street at once became a fashionable shopping place. The Regency beau was the first visitor, then the numerous wealthy Victorians. Edwardian opulence briefly flourished, and the present era came in—still visiting Regent Street, though by 1926 the last of Nash's Quadrant had been pulled down.

Crowds have been especially delighted in the past few years by the concerted effort of its shops to unify their decorative schemes. Last year's snowflakes are this year being followed by "Arabian Lights." There will be hundreds of these internally illuminated minaret-like lanterns, each eight feet high, suspended from the building fronts at different levels. Each differently coloured unit is to be surrounded by a mobile corona of glittering aluminium balls, multi-coloured also. As in other years this scheme has been devised by Mr. Beverley Pick, M.S.I.A., whose industrial designs are seen in many exhibitions and displays. At present he is at work on schemes for the Brussels World's Fair. For Regent Street he submits his ideas to the Regent Street Association early in the year, to allow time for improvements, for permission to be obtained from various public bodies, and so that the shops can co-ordinate their after-shopping hours for erecting the devices. Nevertheless, by December 1, Regent Street was once again as gay as ever before, focal point for Londoners and visitors everywhere,

A CHRISTMASTIME GUIDE TO THE MODERN CHILD

The eminent Mr. George Gulley's advice to benevolently wicked uncles, emancipated aunts, godparents, relatives by adoption, and all those interested in child welfare at this season

IT is as well to see the matter in perspective, for the facts are sinister enough. No child of this generation (or any other, come to that) has a profound respect for its uncles and aunts unless they happen to be in some mysterious way remarkable. Great wealth is the only sure passport to this sort of success, but there is a side entrance to Valhalla, so why not be, for this season only, one of the Great Eccentrics?

The only uncle who was ever a great man to me practised this sort of innocent deception for many years. For example, just before his arrival one Christmas the telephone rang and, being a child with insatiable curiosity, I answered it. "This is the Cabinet offices speaking," said the voice. I explained who I was. "In that case," replied the crackling wire, "inform your uncle that he must ring the Prime Minister immediately he arrives. Mr. Bonar Law needs his advice urgently."

This, I may say, did my uncle infinitely more good in my eyes than the model steam engine he produced a day or two later. The latter burst on Boxing Day, but my uncle was a great man for several years.

If this simple device is to be employed today, it must be modernized. For P.M. substitute Danny Kaye, Gilbert Harding, Sir Len Hutton or Pat Smythe according to taste.

RESPECTING the matter of gifts, it is as well to be up to date. Space Ships, I understand, are *out* and so, I suspect, is Davy Crockett. Vintage car models are considered reasonably smart and if they are of the assemble-and-paint-them-yourself variety the grown-ups can have a lot of fun. There is probably a good market too for an incomprehensible work on how to construct your own colour-television set. Were I a manufacturer I would explore the possibilities of toy shawms and sackbuts in place of trumpets, and crossbows instead of tommy guns. Yet the eternal varieties remain: I would also market miniature ice-cream machines and do-it-yourself outfits for the earnest toffee maker.

The double (or each way bet) gift scheme has considerable merit. For example some parents like improving books of the "500 Facts a Dull Chap Can Use to Bore His Chums" type, but the child itself may prefer *Ruffs' Guide*. So give both—the latter in secret.

TICKETS for the pantomime should be purchased with caution, and only after personal research: it may well be that the smart thing at the moment in the Lower IVb is to have seen the plays of Mr. Brecht. Give way gracefully: let the child go alone to a matinée, after, let us hope, a visit to the dentist in the morning, and stand yourself a couple of seats for *Cinderella* in the evening. The Tower of London, Madame Tussaud's and the Science Museum may sound a perfect holiday itinerary, but investigation may reveal that Battersea Power Station, Scotland Yard and the wings at Covent Garden are what the young master really has in mind. This sort of thing raises many serious problems if prestige is to be maintained. The only answer is to find a genuine celebrity in the required area and to fill the child solid with food in the presence of the great one. This method has the advantage of entitling you and your friend to a reasonable meal at the same time.

A final warning should be addressed to those who place too great a faith in questioning the young. The child may like playing that delicious game of "Who can say the awfulest thing." For example: "What do you want to be when you grow up?" "An Income Tax Inspector." In this case there are three solutions, (a) beat the child soundly, or (b) take him to a psychiatrist, who will probably advise the same treatment. But since Christmas approaches and this is a time for goodwill, try course (c). Buy him a copy of Rumbold and Forsdyke's "Higher Mathematics." And curtail his expense account.





DUHALLOW MEET

THE DUHALLOW opening meet was held at Springfort Hall, Co. Cork, Eire. Capt. J. Hornsby, joint-Master and huntsman, with Mr. M. Falvey, whipper-in, are seen above. Others of the field are seen on the right



Mrs. King, of Croom House, and Mr. P. P. Hogan, the rider



Mrs. A. Tarry and Charles, Mrs. G. Bramwell and Shena

Lady Helena Hilton Green and the Countess of Harrington

Lady Ainsworth was talking to Mr. Anthony Tarry



Col. Lewis Comyn in conversation with Lady Dill



Col. M. C. Carroll-Leahy with Capt. H. Freeman Jackson, jr.-M.F.H.

Mrs. T. A. Clarke in conversation with Capt. J. Hornsby

Miss Margaret and Miss Nicola Purdon Coote



LIMERICK OUT

THE CO. LIMERICK held their opening meet at Four Elms. (Below) Mounted are the Earl of Harrington and Lord Daresbury. The latter is the Master and huntsman. More followers are pictured on the left

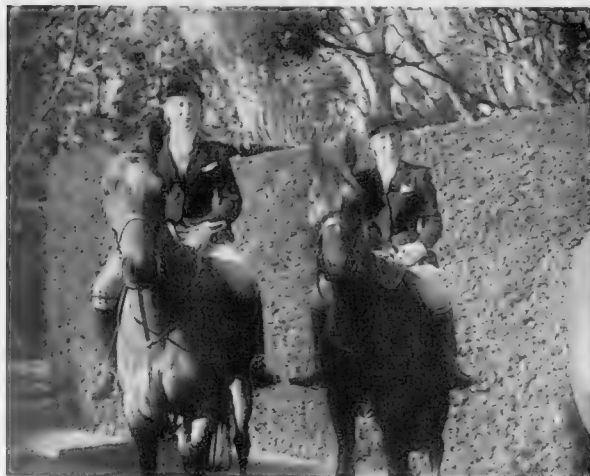


HOUNDS IN HANTS

THE HAMPSHIRE HUNT (the "H.H.") held their opening meet at Moundsmere Manor, the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Andreae, at which a tremendous field turned out. Right: Hounds moving off in the sunshine



Miss Pat Boyle, Miss Janet Faulkner and Miss Margaret Evans were among the younger followers



Victor Yorke

Miss Rosanna Begg and her sister, Miss Fiona Begg

Mrs. T. Kemsley was talking to Mrs. B. Stewart



Mr. R. J. Seligman was waiting for hounds to move off

Mr. H. K. Andreae and Janet Barnes in conversation



Miss Lyn Fuller, who lives at Godalming, at the meet

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. H. Stent were having a stirrup cup



A PORTRAIT OF DR. WAND

THE RT. REV. AND RT. HON. BISHOP J. W. C. WAND, P.C., K.C.V.O., formerly Bishop of London, and one of the finest preachers in the Church of England today, has been painted by Mr. H. Andrew Freeth, A.R.A. The portrait, reproduced here, is on exhibition at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' annual exhibition, which opened last month. Dr. Wand is now a Canon of St. Paul's. He is also one of the Church's most distinguished historians, and is the author of a considerable number of works. Among his appointments has been that of Bishop of Bath and Wells, the beautiful West Country diocese



Roundabout

● Cyril Ray

IT may be more blessed to give than to receive, as the scriptures tell us, but let me be unrepentantly selfish and proclaim that it isn't half as much fun. The blessed ones quote the look on a child's face as he explores his stocking on Christmas morning, or unravels the string around an unexpected parcel—to witness such a look, they say, is a benison upon the giver. And so, undoubtedly, it is. But how much pleasure in the recipient does not the look reveal?

I hesitate to say how many years it is since I thrust my own small hand into a Christmas stocking, or elected to untie the knotted string rather than to cut it (thus extending the pleasure of anticipation) around a brown-paper package, but even now, I can guarantee to reproduce—over the appropriate gift—the shining eyes and the mouth rounded into an O that brighten a boy's face over a giant model locomotive, or a girl's over a doll rather bigger than herself.

It isn't entirely greediness, I think—not merely the notion that one is adding, without expense to oneself, to one's little store of treasures. What it is that blesses him who takes as well as him who gives is the surprise; the knowledge that one is loved or, at any rate, thought of; and the realization—and this in itself is a blessing—that there are kind hearts and open hands in the world.

To say nothing, of course, of the sheer physical, material pleasure of playing with a model train; hugging the big cuddly doll; swathing oneself in mink; or guzzling a bottle of ancient brandy, according to age, sex and inclination.

★ ★ ★

PEACETIME petrol rationing, now so nearly upon us, reminds me of a story told when it first afflicted us during the war. Two elderly noblemen were talking about it at the House of Lords, and one

said to the other that it was a blessing in disguise: "I travel by bus, now, instead of using the Rolls, or calling a cab; never done it before, but it's a splendid institution, my dear fellow. I do assure you, the London bus is cheap and quick and convenient, and what's more, it's just the thing for chaps like us, legislators, don't you know; brings you into contact with the people of England, salt o' the earth, gives you an idea of what people are saying and thinking."

His friend was so impressed that he vowed that he would travel home from his club the very next day by bus, instead of having his chauffeur meet him, or getting the porter to call a cab. He inquired his way to the nearest bus stop, stood in the queue like any ordinary commoner, clambered aboard, sat himself down inside with a sigh of patriotic, petrol-saving contentment, held out half a crown to the conductor, and said:

"Seventy-four, Belgrave Square."

There are, of course, compensations in petrol rationing. Not least the healthful exercise it provides in obliging one to walk the brief journeys to chemists' shops and confectioners, post office and pillar box, that one had got into the slothful habit of performing by motor-car. (The very day that Mr. Aubrey Jones announced the details of petrol rationing, his colleague, Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary, referring to his collection of four hundred walking-sticks, said that they were more ornamental than useful: "I hardly ever walk." Now is his time to start.)

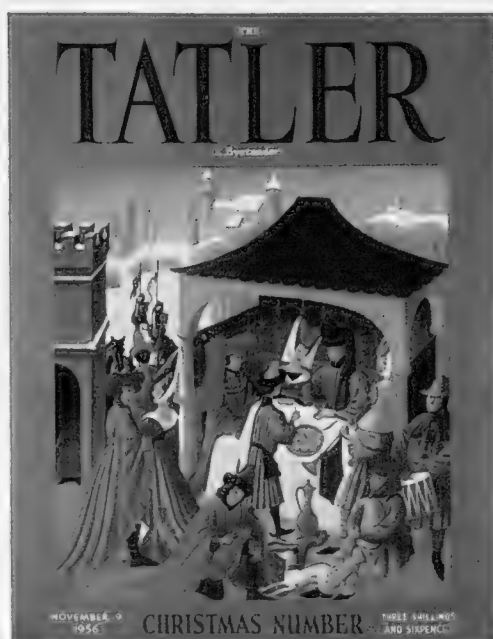
★ ★ ★

NOT only healthful exercise, either. Think of the tedious visits to which one used to be committed because, "it's a bit awkward by train, but you've got a car," that now one can truthfully evade; think of the aeroplanes one used to meet, for people quite capable of catching the airport bus; the awkward packages one has transported for other people; the fetchings and carryings for jumble sales and garden fêtes and church bazaars.

And I know a charming couple who recently talked themselves into buying a very old and very big motor-car of the lordliest breeding and most ancient vintage, on the grounds that although it did only about ten miles to the gallon, nevertheless, as it would never wear out, it was—fateful words—"a saving in the long run." To go out in it to a dinner engagement only a couple of streets away was, of course, rather more expensive than if they had taken a taxi apiece, and then paid for their own dinner into the bargain, but now they can leave it at their door all day and all night, impressing all their neighbours and every envious passer-by, and yet spared by world affairs from the expense of ever having to start the engine. To possess a white elephant is one thing; blessings upon any governmental measure that relieves one of the necessity of feeding it.

★ ★ ★

THAT walking-stick collection of the Colonial Secretary's includes one of Wordsworth's—a cherry-wood—and one



● THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER of The TATLER is now on sale and, with Philip Gough's delicately roisterous festive cover, is enlivening the bookstalls. Gayier than ever before, it has contributions by, among others, James Laver, D. B. Wyndham Lewis and George Mikes, a Christmas Alphabet and a noble dissertation on punch making and drinking. Illustrated with photographs, drawings and enchanting colour pictures, it makes ideal Christmas reading. It costs 3s. 6d. Copies may be ordered from The TATLER, Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, W.C.2, postage inland 6d., abroad 3½d.

that belonged to the last Czar of Russia. I wonder whether Miss G. B. Stern, that admirable novelist, still has the collection that I last saw in her rooms in Albany nearly ten years ago: some had been bombed, and some given to a Red Cross sale at Christie's, but it still included sword-sticks and loaded canes; a stick from Prohibition America, concealing the longest spirit flask I have ever seen; glass sticks; hide sticks; sticks with lacquered, with enamelled, and with porcelain handles; sticks from the Bounty mutineers' Pitcairn Island; a stick with a toucan's head, and a stick with John Wesley's.

It all began, she told me, years ago, when her mother gave her an odd-looking piece with a red-monkey handle. Friends said, "She's taken to collecting the rarest walking-sticks; have you seen that one with the monkey handle: red jade!" And they went off and found fresh prizes for her—sticks from faraway countries and faraway centuries and, "So," said Miss Stern, "the sticks started collecting me. Rum thing being that the red monkey was only glass, you know: Mother had bought it for three-and-six in a Brighton bazaar."

★ ★ ★

IT seems there are still curious by-ways and back alleys of the war to be explored, and my friend Gerald Pawle, who has been a sailor in his time, as well as an adventurous kind of journalist, and a noted player of such games as rackets and squash and real tennis, has written, in *The Secret War*, a fascinating account of the Admiralty's department of Miscellaneous Weapon Development—better known to various of its wartime members, some of them scholarly, some incurably flippant, and all of them, scientists or sailors, uncommonly stout-hearted, as "The Wheezers and Dodgers."

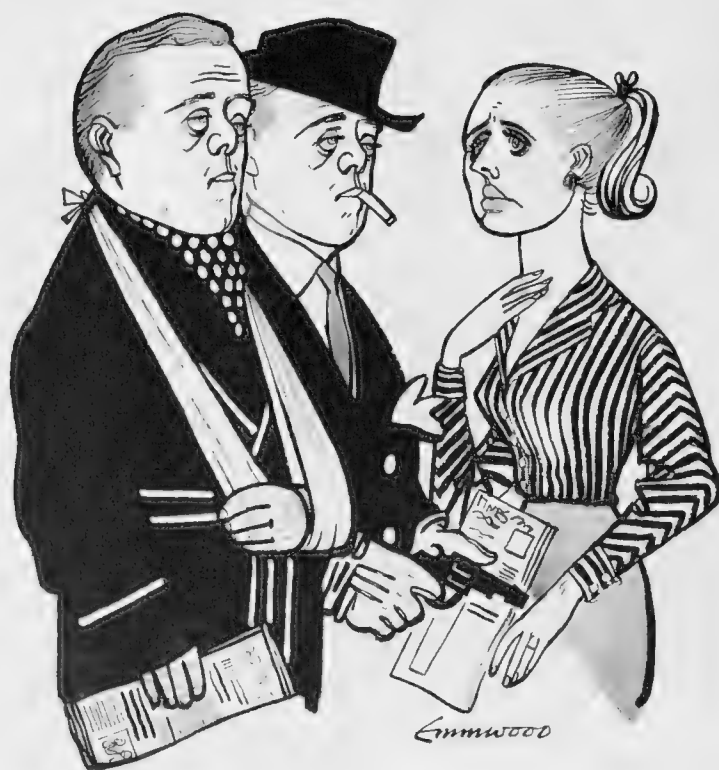
BETWEEN them, they devised weapons and stratagems that ranged from the absurd to the stupendous—Mulberry harbours and Pluto (pipe line under the ocean) are inventions that any group could be proud of—and they and their wheezes and dodges occasioned many an odd event and lively story. I liked, for instance, the tale of a coaster captain, plying as usual his workaday course from Hull to Dover, who rushed from his cabin to the bridge at the sound of a German dive bomber off the Essex coast, tripped over a line, fell on his face, and picked himself up, bleeding at the mouth and with several teeth missing, to hear his crew cheering themselves hoarse. They were not, as he angrily thought at first, roaring their pleasure at his discomfiture: the line he had tripped over was the firing lanyard of an experimental aerial mine with which they had brought down the bomber, first shot.

BRIGGS by Graham

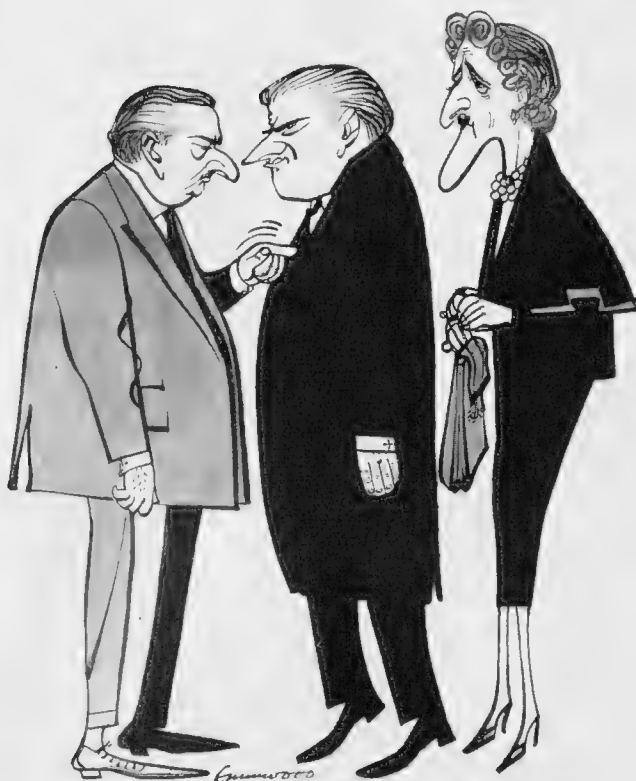


At the Theatre

JEKYLL AND HYDE IN MODERN DRESS



"DOUBLE IMAGE" (Savoy Theatre). This is a blood-curdler with fewer actors than characters. Is the song-writer with his arm in a sling also the chap with a gun in his fist? Above, Richard Attenborough in the baffling double-take. Sheila Sim as one half's wife is clearly perplexed. Below, Raymond Huntley (left) is the parsimonious uncle, Ernest Clark the policeman, and Zena Dare the uncle's sister-in-law sorry for the young man's wife and her fate. Drawings by Emmwood



MR. ROGER MACDOUGALL and Mr. Ted Allan invite us in *Double Image* to guess and guess, over and over again, when Mr. Richard Attenborough may be David impersonating Julian, when he may be Julian impersonating David and whether there is any such person as David—or Julian. This sounds more like a nursery game than a play; yet as a game it is likely to fill the Savoy for a long time with people guessing themselves giddy.

It is all really very simple, but what keeps things from flagging is the light, neat shiftings of the authors from plane to plane and some good acting. Julian is a young married man who is looked on with much disfavour by his uncle, Mr. Raymond Huntley, and his sister-in-law, Miss Zena Dare. The uncle thinks he ought to come into the business and do some honest work instead of fooling away at a piano trying to compose popular airs. His sister-in-law resents Julian's off-hand treatment of his wife. The wife, Miss Sheila Sim, hardly knows what to make of her husband's manners, which are mostly bad, and his moods, which are mostly difficult. Julian has his grievances. He is kept on an inadequate allowance by his disapproving uncle, and thinks a struggling composer deserves better treatment. Now he is nettled still further. He is constantly being told that he has been seen in places where he could not possibly have been. His irritation grows when he receives bills for goods that he has not ordered. This is carrying a practical joke too far.

His wife sympathizes with his bewilderment; his sister-in-law thinks he is going dotty and is not surprised; and he himself begins to turn over the psychological possibilities. But the uncle is inclined for once to give his nephew credit for not playing a silly trick. He recalls that Julian had an identical twin, who died young.

BUT what if David did not die, but has turned up with a grievance against the family and blackmail in mind? Mr. Huntley helps the play a great deal by his handling of the uncle. He gives him the mirthlessly triumphant laugh which goes not with a sense of humour but with a pig-headed assurance of his own worldly infallibility.

He is just the sort of man needlessly to exasperate a hard-up nephew who is his heir by asserting that he himself is likely to live for years. The doctor has told him so. He is not surprised to be visited in his office by the identical twin, and he treats him with an urbanity at once cautious and insufferable. He is greatly annoyed when the women call in the police to trace the runner-up of embarrassing bills; and is not so much taken aback as loftily amused when the detective superintendent tells him that his life may be in danger.

The murder duly takes place. We see it taking place. But if asked by the police to put some evidence in their way we should be quite unable to produce any that would satisfy either them or us.

Is it Julian who grimly fits a silencer to the revolver in the publisher's office? His victim is quite sure that he has been dealing with David. Is it David who in Julian's absence spends the night with Julian's wife? The lady should know. Mr. Ernest Clark, a policeman hardly to be distinguished from a member of any of the learned professions, should know, but until very late in the evening he can find no evidence whatever for anything he may claim to know.

And until some evidence turns up we are in like case with the highly intelligent Mr. Clark. We may have our intuition; but we are not ready to trust it. Julian may be the innocent victim of David's machinations. He may have invented David for his own nefarious purposes. Mr. Attenborough is now engagingly, now ungraciously off-hand, but the variation of off-handedness would equally well become Julian or David and would not be inconsistent with plain dottiness. It is only after all a guessing game, but a surprisingly enjoyable one.

—Anthony Cookman

PRINCESS CHARMING

HAZEL PENWARDEN is to play the princess in the London Children's Theatre production of "Puss In Boots," by Mr. Nicholas Stuart Gray, at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, this Christmas. Miss Penwarden has recently appeared as Joan of Arc in the television production of Anouilh's play "The Lark"

Photograph by
Robin Adler



Lady Butler and Mr. A. C. Davidson-Houston, with his portrait of the Queen

*The
FATLEK
and
Tyslande.
DEC. 5,
1956
576*



*Mr. Maurice Codner, the artist, with
Lady Forres and Lord Milne*

THE ROYAL SOCIETY of Portrait Painters held their annual exhibition at the Royal Institute galleries, Piccadilly. Amongst the 231 paintings by famous living artists are three of the Queen

ENGLISH PORTRAITS — YE



*Mr. Richard Baker-Wilbraham and
the Hon. Mary Stopford*



*Lady Killearn and Douglas Anderson's
"Mrs. H. Stuart-Black"*



*Sir Arthur and Lady Evans and Anna
Zinkeisen's "Sister Henley"*

*Mrs. J. P. Ivens and Mrs. Greville
Collins at the private view*



*Major and Mrs. E. Christie-Miller
were going round the exhibition*



*The Dominican Ambassador and Mme.
Thomen studying the paintings*



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A TOUGH MOMENT for Bobby Howes as Jimmy Nunn in *The Good Companions*, when he makes a bold attempt to disperse a gang of toughs hired to prevent the company continuing their show. The film is British CinemaScope and Eastman Colour and is a re-make of J. B. Priestley's novel. Stars include Eric Portman and Celia Johnson

Mr. Laurence Naismith is admirable as the canon who recognizes her baleful influence, Mr. Charles Victor is excellent as the old cockney retainer who holds the key to the mystery, Mr. Rhodes's somewhat subdued Luke grows on one—and it is only regrettable that Mr. Tony Wright lacks the chilling, inner intensity of the truly vicious Havoc, and falls back on a purely external performance.

A MR. CHARLES MARTIN wrote, produced and directed *Death Of A Scoundrel*—an egregiously silly film which detained me in the corn belt with Mr. George Sanders for two dazed hours the other morning. Mr. Sanders has a simply wonderful time, hamming away like mad with his tongue in both cheeks, and flitting from impossible situation to impossible situation with a gleeful “Can you beat it?” expression.

He plays a very nasty Czech who, having denounced his brother to the police as a political fugitive and made sure he's bumped off, nips across to New York to see what mischief he can get up to there. Pinching a wallet from a pick-up girl (Miss Yvonne De Carlo) he uses the contents to set up in business as a financier—playing the stock exchange like a wizard, amassing a fortune, making a million or two for Miss Zsa Zsa Gabor on the side—which is nice of him, and establishing Miss Nancy Gates as leading lady of a Broadway show—which is rank folly.

After riding a crescendo of the wildest improbabilities Mr. Sanders decides he must be a good boy and return all his ill-gotten gains to the people he has robbed. Before he can do so, his partner (Mr. John Hoyt) bumps him off—and that's the end of one of the most fantastic exhibitions of smirking, swaggering and snivelling it has ever been my lot to witness.

—Elsbeth Grant



JON WHITELEY, who will be twelve next year, has an Academy of Arts and Sciences award and a number of impeccable performances in films to his credit. He gained his gold Oscar as the best child actor for his part in *The Kidnappers*. His latest film is *The Spanish Gardener*, in which he stars once again with Dirk Bogarde

DELICATE AIR FOR NOËL

AN ENCHANTING negligee (opposite) in white wool lace over red chiffon. The sleeves and collar prettily frilled, it ties with white satin ribbon. 10½ gns., Jaeger. Left: A shorter version which is a bed-jacket, 95s., also from Jaeger. A filmy Empire style nightdress (below) in pale lilac nylon with a wide fluted hem printed in frosty white snow flowers matching the cape. By Kayser at 75s. and 42s. Dickins and Jones

John French

FASHIONS
by Isobel
Vicomtessé
d'Orthez



SHOULDER WARMTH

A ROMANTIC white stole (right) in a cobweb fine needlerun lace with ends heavily fringed, 34s. 6d. Lovely for a young girl is the evening cape of white chiffon velvet lined with satin, 72s. 6d. Both from Jenners of Edinburgh

On your Christmas party toes

THESE sparkling jewelled evening shoes are made by Bally. All of them are exclusive to Fanchon of Bond Street except No. 4, which comes from the London Shoe Company



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4



5

1. White satin evening mule decorated with rhinestones. Price 157s. 6d. 2. A young girl's pump in black satin trimmed with pearl, 136s. 6d. 3. Black satin evening shoe with a peep toe trimmed with rhinestones. It has a metal unbreakable heel, 115s. 6d. 4. Yellow satin sandal with rhinestones on the toe, 14 gns. 5. White satin sandal with a square-cut diamante trimmed front, 11 gns.





LUXURY TEAM

DRESSED for the evening by Debenham and Freebody in mink and satin. This exquisite supple stole, striking in its broad diagonal working of Emba Cerulean sapphire mink, is gracefully worn with a white satin, hobble skirted evening gown which is draped from one side of the high halter-necked bodice. A copy of a Pierre Balmain model, it has all of this season's nostalgic charm of the 1900s. Around the wrist is whirled four rows of fine pearls—price 4 gns. The matching circular ear-rings are 13s. 6d., black aigret 5 gns.



CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK



Dennis Smith



Above: wool and rep curtain, 39s. 6d. yd.; Regency table, £135; Regency chair, £18 10s.; silk cushion, 19s. 6d.; lamp base, £12 12s.; chiffon shade, £14 14s.; glass bowl, £11 8s. 6d.; cigarette box, £3 5s. 6d. All may be had at Harrods

White wool cape, looped with gold Lurex thread, £6 15s.; gold cloth belt, untarnishable, £2 18s. 6d.; evening bag of gold and beige lace on mushroom satin, £10 10s. Woollands



Red brocade bag, £9 19s. 6d.; black brocade bag, £7 17s. 6d.; black kid gloves with pearl trimmings, £5 10s.; evening stole, £2 5s.; gilt necklet, £13 13s.; gilt bangle, £4 14s. 6d.; gilt earclips, £2 19s. 6d. Debenham and Freebody

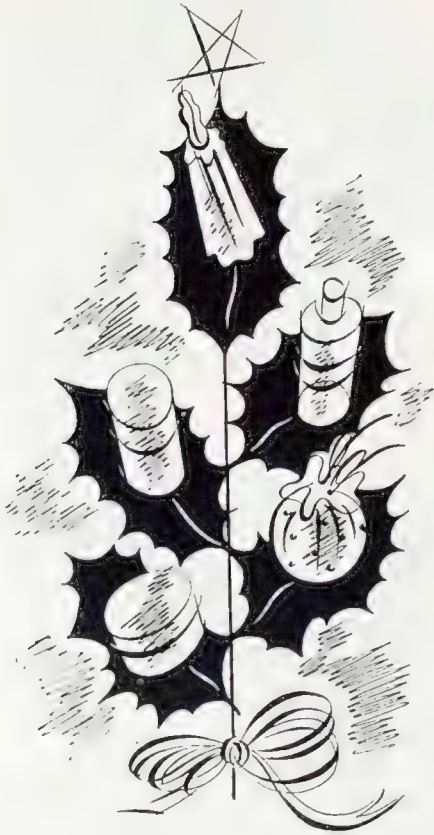
A time to buy

ONCE again the hunt is on. Christmas shoppers are in full cry. At Fortnum and Masons, taking the superb foodstuffs for granted, do not forget also to look into the Flower Department. See the enchanting Christmas table decorations, which are an outstanding feature of this store, and can be made to order in all shapes, sizes, and prices.

A little farther along Piccadilly, Simpsons solve the difficult problem of what to give to men. Here, in addition to many lovely feminine gifts, there is exquisite leatherware—travel cases, brief cases, toilet cases, folding maps in leather cases—for which Simpsons is noted. There is also a wide choice of ties in distinctive designs, scarves, gloves, and a fine display of umbrellas with malacca and whangee handles.

FOR infinite variety of all kinds, Harrods would be hard to beat. In the central hall there is a Christmas Bazaar with a glittering display of goods from all departments. In the same room, gifts can be elegantly wrapped by the wrapping service. On the second floor, the Christmas cracker department have crackers ranging from midget size to enormous ones, six feet high.

Marshall and Snelgrove have a new toy department where there is a wonderful display of toys of all kinds to bring joy to the hearts of the young. If it is scents, powders, and beauty



JEAN CLELAND takes you around the London shops and chooses a variety of decorative accessories which will make ideal presents

preparations you are after, don't miss Marshall's perfumery department, which is one of the most comprehensive in London.

Costume jewellery, handbags and gloves are all "safe wickets" as gifts, and an excellent and wide choice of all three is available at Harvey Nichols. Each of these departments is on the ground floor, and all are close together, which makes for easy shopping. If you are looking for gifts in the way of glass or china, you will be sure to find what you want by slipping just across the road to Woollands, who have just opened a new section on the lower ground floor.

As you go upstairs, take a look at the stoles, capes and scarves in the scarf department. They are elegant, original and extremely good value.

There are, of course, many other ideas, such as gramophone records, books, gift tokens for general presents, theatre tickets. Puppies, budgerigars, kittens and other animals can be had from the pet departments of many of the big stores. Always welcome are the yearly subscriptions for magazines such as The TATLER.

All these, however, I must leave to you, for, after my long, long trail round the shops, I am now about to lie down with a Martini (very dry), some eau-de-Cologne, and a couple of aspirins.



An exquisitely lovely evening set in multi-coloured French brocade with gold thread and plain satin linings, consisting of a spectacle case, £2 2s., comb in case, £2 2s. and evening purse, £9 15s., from Harvey Nichols



Above: Diamond and emerald bracelet, brilliant cut, link pattern, £1,150, from Garrard. Below: two seasonal brooches, holly spray with nephrite and diamond leaves, £165; mistletoe spray, £170. From J. W. Benson Ltd., Old Bond Street, W.1





This cuddlesome musical rabbit, named "Thumper," is £3 12s. 6d. at Fortnum's



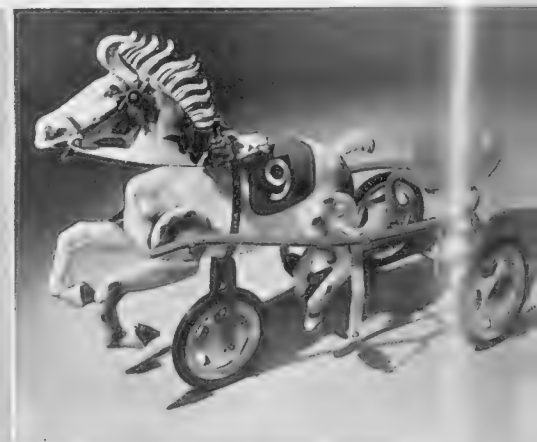
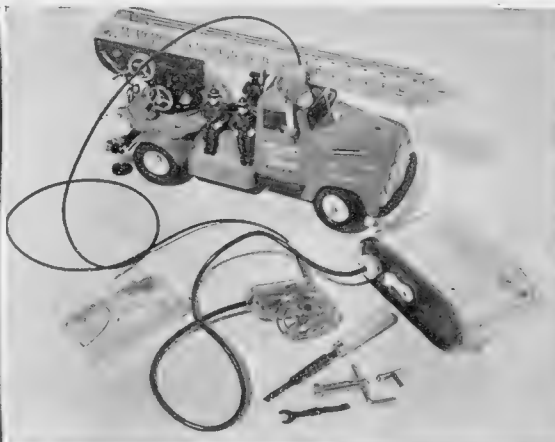
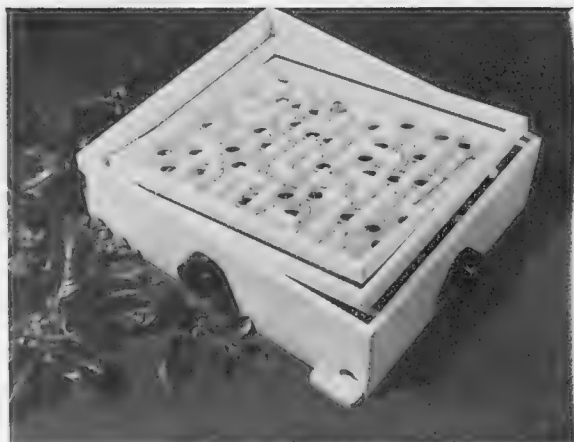
Pillow-case gifts

THE charm, colour, gaiety and fantasy of children's toys are a universal pleasure. Adults derive as much delight from choosing and bestowing these gifts as the child has in receiving such wonderful and breath-taking presents. Our selection is but a tithe of the possibilities

The labyrinth game, "Hampton Court Maze," £3 10s. from Lillywhites

This "Schuco" model fire engine is fully operational. £11 11s. from Harrods

For the small child this "trotter" would be invaluable, £9 7s. 6d. at Fortnum & Mason



These twin six-shooters in leather holsters are £3 13s. 6d. from Harrods



This musical poodle in grey fur rotates its head, £4 7s. 6d. in Marshall & Snelgrove



"Wittie" the owl costs £2 14s. 6d., the baby £1 2s. 6d. Marshall & Snelgrove



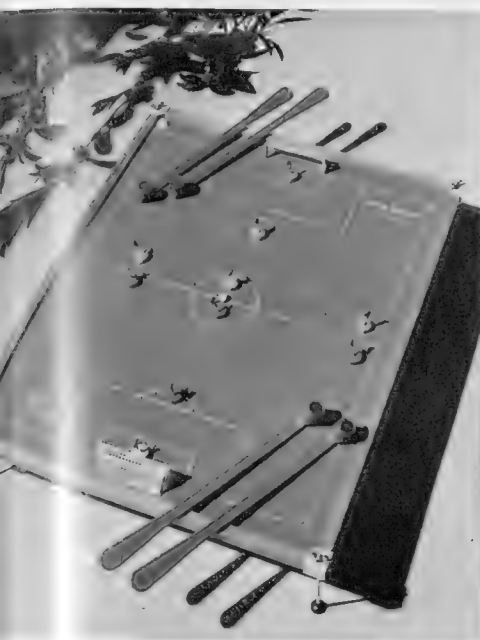
A French doll, in case, with her own toilet set. £6 12s. 6d. Harrods



These two magicians' boxes, £2 19s. 6d. each from Marshall & Snelgrove



This nursery lamp with "Noddy" £2 19s. 6d. at Marshall & Snelgrove



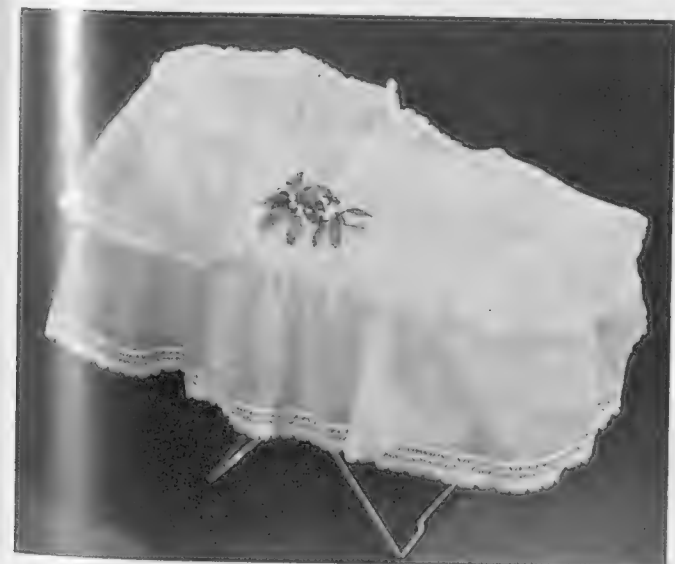
A magnetic "Super Soccer" game for four from Marshall & Snelgrove, £2 15s.



The "Hoover" washing machine for doll's clothes. Fortnum's, £2 7s. 6d.



"Playcraft" home constructional picture set from Harrods for 19s. 6d. Dennis Smith



This beautiful folding cot, in blue or pink, £2 9s. 6d. Marshall & Snelgrove



A lovely American doll, dressed in pink, costing £14 19s. 6d. at Harrods

Balmain's "Eau de Vent Vert," £10 10s.—15 oz. "Vent Vert" perfume to £9 9s. Guerlain's "Eau de Cologne Imperiale," £3 17s. Large stores



Compacted essences

FEW presents arouse more ecstasy than a really good perfume, scent or toilet preparations. The delicacy of thought behind the gift bestows an ambience that the recipient appreciates as much as she relishes the present



"Three Of A Kind," in Lelong's scents, 19s.; D'Orsay's "Fantastique" Cologne, £1 9s.—4 oz.; "Eau de Lanvin," £2 14s.



Stratton party case, compact, cigarette case, lipstick holder and comb, is £4 17s. 6d. Stratton compact £2 15s. From all leading stores



This hand and face pack by Charles of the Ritz is £2 2s. at leading stores



Patou's "Amour Amour" soap, 8s. 6d.; "Amour Amour" Cologne, 16s. 9d. for 2 oz.; Millot's "crepe de Chine" perfume No. 4422, £3 7s. 3d. for 1 oz.; Worth's "Je Reviens" perfume, £2 18s. for ½ oz.



This pair of delightful little gifts cost £1 7s. 6d. each from Elizabeth Arden. They are "Flower Mist" four-in-hand on the left, and right, "Blue Grass Mist," "Puff Puff" and solid Cologne



Pond's large Charm Kit contains powder, vanishing cream, cold cream and lipstick. From most good chemists and stores at 10s. 5d.

Yardley's "Daily Double" contains a Yardley lipstick and two quick-change refills. It is packed in an attractive red wallet, 15s. 3d. complete



Lon's non-smear lanolite lipstick with matching enamel (left), 14s. 3d. "Touch And Glow Treasure" (right), 14s. 3d. Manicure case (back), £2s. 9d. "Golden Gift Duo" lipstick tube (centre), 11s. 3d.



Lubin's handbag sized flagon in crystal glass with "Gin Fizz" perfume. Price complete is £1 18s. 6d. for 1/4 oz. size. Principal stores



This beauty case in simulated leather contains toilet bag, hair brush, face cream, powder, foundation and lipstick, £13 17s. 6d. Helena Rubinstein



Dennis Smith



HERE are a variety of really beautiful and exclusive presents which are purely feminine in tone. They are presents that both in value and price can be given to the really special person and include several pieces of exquisite modern jewellery

—JEAN CLELAND



"Sarabande," a blue satin cravat, £2 9s. 6d. Red, green and pearl bead necklace, £10 10s., matching earrings, £4 14s. 6d. Jacquemar's

Harbingers of a truly feminine Yuletide



A beautiful pure silk square from France depicting a winter scene. Price £3 9s. 6d., it comes from Harrods



Suede hood and cape combined, £4 19s. 6d., tartan skate holders (for carrying), £1 19s. from Lillywhites



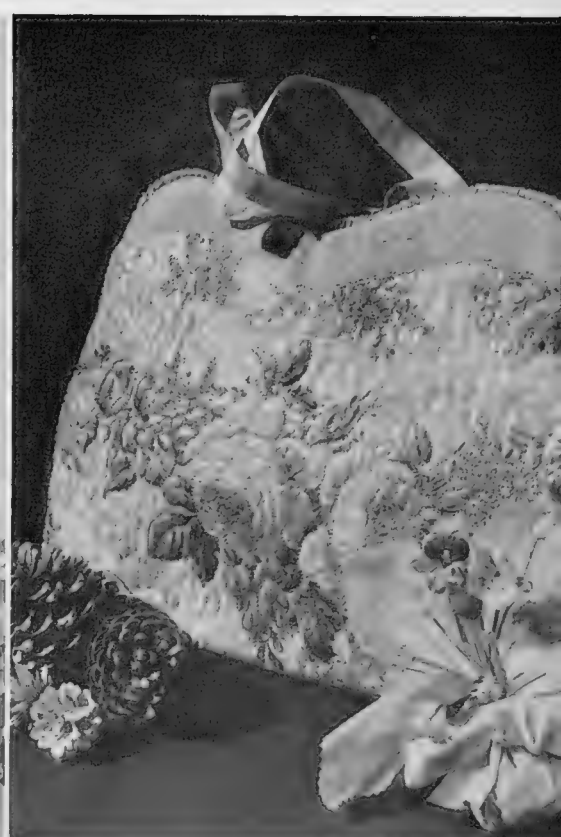
Satin cases: lingerie, £4 14s. 6d.; h.w. bottle; stockings; handkerchiefs; each £2 2s. From Marshall & Snelgrove



Pigskin gloves, £1 14s. 9d.; handbag, £9 18s.; pigskin case, £2 5s.; wallet, £1 17s. 6d. All from Peter Robinson



Tortoiseshell party case, £78; cigarette case, £20; powder compact, £23; comb, £12; and handbag, £65. Asprey



Toilet bag in gold thread embroidered chintz, plastic lined, £3 15s.; pot-pourri sachet, 10s. 9d., Swan & Edgar



Gold fangle watch set with rubies and diamonds, price £75, from George Tarratt, Ltd., Leicester



Vacheron et Constantin diamond and platinum bracelet watch, the dial of which is fitted with diamonds: £1,960

Glass powder jar with mirror in lid, £8 15s.; scented spray with bellows action, £6 15s. From Mappin and Webb



A diamond and platinum spray brooch of exquisite design, price £685, which comes from Cartier





Coffee percolator by General Electric of one and a half pints capacity, £7 18s. 6d.

English pewter tankard, glass base, containing a tin of 50 State Express. Half pint, £1 10s.; pint, £1 19s. 6d.



Man about the house

*M*ANY gifts can be bestowed on men that are also of use to others. The fisherman's knit scarf (above: Harrods £1 1s.) is peculiarly his but Sobranie No. 40 cigarettes are everybody's

Chocolates are a welcome sweetmeat. Tobler's 2 lb. "Perfection" is 15s. 6d., and the 1 lb. "Classique" is 6s. 6d.

Du Maurier filter tips, 50 for 9s. 4d. Benson and Hedges Super Virginia, 100 £1 3s. 9d., the No. 5, 100 £1 6s. 6d.



Liqueur chocolates with 12 famous liqueurs, in wooden crates, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 14s.; 1 lb., £1 5s.; 2 lb., £2 10s. At Floris



Sodastream with semi-automatic valve, to make 300 bottles of soda water for 10s. Price with p.t. £18 13s. Harrods

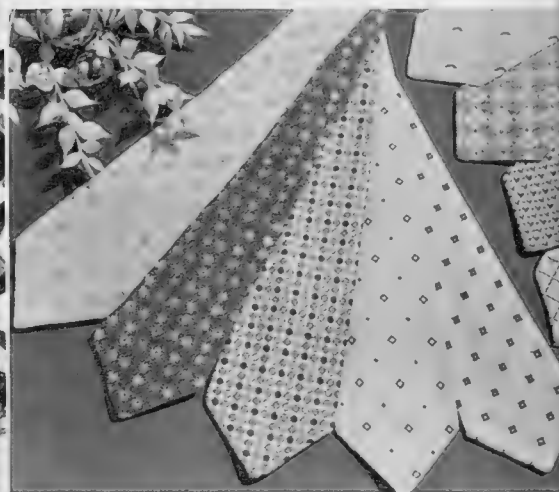


Waterman's "Flair de Luxe" ball point £1 10s. Their C/F fountain pen, cartridge loaded with fluid ink, £4 7s. 6d.

Vince shirt in Burlama spun rayon hopsack, £2 2s. Vince's Man Shop. Player's No. 3, 100 for £1 1s. 3d.

Cigarette box in calf, £6, reversible calf blotter, £14 10s. and memo pad in tooled calf, £5 10s. All from Finnigans

All silk woven Chig ties, Continental styled and cut. Price £1 11s. 6d. each from Lords of Burlington Arcade, W.1



Prince Gourielli travel kit for men; eau-de-Cologne, talcum, after-shave lotion, £2 5s. Helena Rubinstein

Spalding Christmas greeting box of 1 dozen "Top-Flite" or "Kro-Flite" golf balls, £2 11s. Leading sports stores

Kynoch rug and scarf woven at the mills in Keith, Scotland. Rug, £7 7s., scarf, £1 6s. In many colours and designs

Fox and hound handle corkscrews, £2 17s. 6d., from Swaine, Adeney, Brigg and Sons, Ltd.

Sock-fillers de luxe

A MAN'S taste is more unpredictable than a woman's, and his most insistent demand is for visible, manifest quality in his presents. All on these two pages bear this indispensable stamp

Photographs by
Dennis Smith



Colibri table model lighter, £12 10s., Colibri Monopol watch lighter, £16 12s. 6d., from all leading stores



Beauty

Christmas charm

HIGH on the list of those gifts dear to a woman's heart are the scents, creams, powders, bath luxuries and make-up that add to her charm and enhance her appearance. These are the extravagancies, or vanities—call them what you will—that make her feel spoiled and cherished, a feeling which, as every woman knows, is highly desirable. Under its influence, her personality is enriched—she blossoms, and is like the “rose softly blooming.”

Let us then do our best to encourage this delightful state of affairs, and spread enchantment with presents of luxury from the beauty salons and the perfumery departments.

The choice is wide, and the prices so varied that one can be handsomely lavish for one's nearest and dearest, or lightly frivolous for a casual acquaintance, with equal ease.

To buy a present of creams or powders with success, you must of course know the recipient sufficiently well to be certain of her particular taste in these things. If she is addicted to one special brand of preparations, she will not thank you for presenting her with something quite different, however good it may be. Neither, if her skin is dry, will she find any use for preparations designed for a skin that is oily, or vice versa. If you are not sure of your ground, you can, if you wish, still give them by means of gift tokens, which will enable your friends to choose for themselves.

GIFT tokens for beauty can be had in a variety of forms. You can get them for hair-dos, or for salon beauty treatments of all kinds. These could prove a positive adventure for people who do not normally go in for this kind of thing. If you want to give a princely gift, I suggest a cheque to one of the leading hair stylists for a year's permanent waving. The fortunate friend can then have as many perms as she deems necessary for the coming year. This may encourage her to try different styles, and not mind when the perm is cut off, as long as

Cussons “Lilac blossom” gift set comprises two bath soaps, talcum powder, and 4 bath cubes, 7s. 10d. “Blue Hyacinth skin fragrance, 6s., and “Thumper,” 3s. 9d. with gift box. Obtainable from good chemists and stores



Chanel's 4 assorted scents are £6 from their salon, Old Bond Street, and leading stores. Jacques Fath “Canasta” scent, £3 12s. for ½ oz. size. All are obtainable from the leading stores



Floris's No. 6 coffret comprised of scent, toilet powder and soap, £1 8s. 6d., and a gilt spray, £1 9s. 6d., from J. Floris, Jermyn Street, W.1, are ideal gifts

she knows she can have it again without incurring an extra outlay.

Of the beauty accessories that can be bought more or less at random, lipsticks are a fairly safe bid, since no matter what her colouring, a woman needs different shades to tone with various ensembles. If you are buying more than one lipstick for a present, get a pinky shade to go with pastels, and a deeper and brighter one for the stronger colours.

Manicure sets are always welcome gifts, and these can be had in all manner of sizes, and different kinds of cases, from the inexpensive to the costly. Sweetly scented hand lotions, too, are something that everyone needs, and if you want to make this sort of gift a little more important, you can add to it some tablets of soap.

Talking of soap brings us to bath luxuries, which are gifts over which it would be difficult to go wrong. You can get all manner of coffrets with endless varieties of luxuries in the way of dusting powders, soap, after-bath lotions, bath salts, and bath essences. Or, if preferred, these can be bought separately and assembled according to taste. In making a choice, don't forget the more unusual things such as bath oils, bubble oils, slimming bath preparations, bath mitts impregnated with soap, and soap that floats.

NOVELTIES in the perfumery departments are endless. There are charming containers of all kinds for cotton-wool, and for cleansing tissues; Xmas stockings filled with various bath luxuries. Attractive shoulder capes for wear while making up can be had in all sorts of designs, with bath caps to match. Toilet bags range from large ones in elaborately quilted chintz to others that are neat, small, and convenient for travel. Some contain jars and bottles for carrying beauty preparations; others have bedroom slippers neatly folded inside. For the children there are all manner of novelty soaps in the shape of animals, fruit, and well-known story book figures.

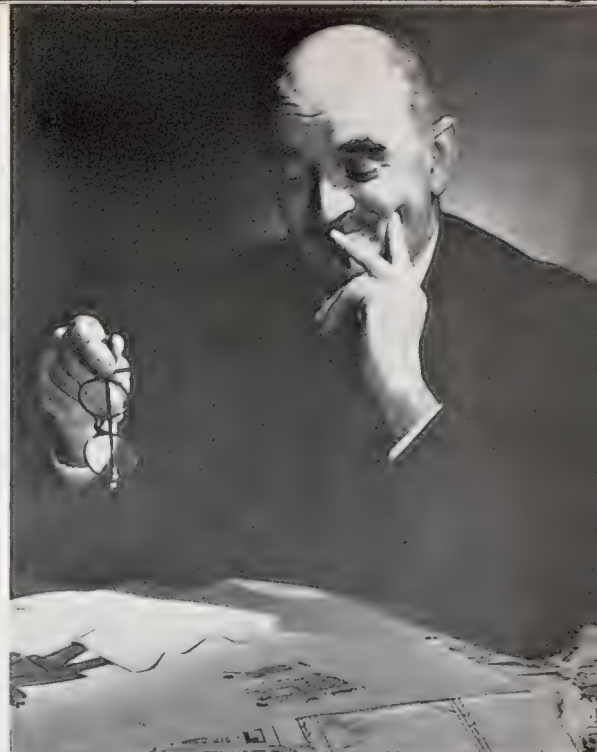
The many delightful ways in which scent spreads its fragrance makes it a gift that can be as costly or as inexpensive as you care to make it. You can get large and beautiful bottles to grace the dressing-table, containing expensive scents from the famous perfumiers, or little bottles and sprays to go into the handbag, sachets, scented lingerie cases, solid and frozen colognes and lavenders, brushes that can be scented from the inside, and small ear-rings that take tiny concealed pads of perfumed cotton-wool.

—Jean Cleland



The TATLER and Bystander,
DECEMBER 5, 1956 597

A STREET IN YORK, in the days of the good old-fashioned white Christmas, is (left) the subject of an attractive card by W. N. Sharpe, Ltd., of Bradford and London



DAVID LOW, one of the greatest of political cartoonists (right), has just published "Low's Autobiography" (Michael Joseph, 30s.), which includes reminiscences of a wide diversity of famous men

Book Reviews

TRIO OF MYSTERIES

RARE, these days, are anonymous novels, but here is one. To **Madame Solario** (Heinemann, 15s.) mystery attaches—who is the author? It seems, moreover, the work of a practised hand. Hardly less mysterious is the heroine, this delicious creature—Nathalie to her friends, Nelly to her rediscovered brother. The time is September 1906, the setting Cadenabbia, on Lake Como—playground, in those sunny Edwardian days, of a fashionable cosmopolitan set.

Zigzag, rippling the lake, ply the gay little steamers; parties of pleasure take off (the gentlemen rowing) in boats from the hotel pier. In the blue nights, music trails from across the water; faintly tinkle the little bells attached to the floating fishing-nets. . . . "Ah, que ce calme est exquis!" breathes a visitor, on one of the balconies. And not less exquisite are the many ladies.

Women wore long skirts that moulded the hips and just escaped the ground; waists were small and tightly belted; busts were full and bodices much trimmed. Voluminous chiffon veils were the summer fashion. A veil would be thrown over a large hat and float over the shoulders, down to the waist or below it. So much clothing and embellishment turned each woman into a sort of shrine, and where there is a shrine there is a cult. The social atmosphere of that epoch was particularly loaded with femininity.

MADAME SOLARIO herself is, in all senses, seen through a shimmer of gauze. To young English Bernard Middleton (who has arrived, alone, expecting to meet a friend held up elsewhere) she represents fascination, from the first moment. Is she, also, a wrecker? Bernard has watched the heartbreak of the slender Hungarian débutante, Ilona—left forlorn by her former suitor, Count Kovanski. Russian Kovanski has eyes, it seems, for one

woman only. . . . Dazzling gentle beauty, coupled with solitude, combine to make Madame Solario conspicuous. Then, out of the blue, arrives her handsome but somehow sinister brother, Eugene Harden. Conspiratorial closeness now binds the two: soon, rumours of their terrible family past leak out.

The social atmosphere is evoked as convincingly as is the lakeside setting. I deeply enjoyed and admired *Madame Solario*.

★ ★ ★

AGATHA CHRISTIE's **Dead Man's Folly** (Crime Club, Collins, 12s. 6d.) is "a classic Christie"—and, with that, one of the best. Nasse, the beautiful West of England country house, whose woods run steeply down to a tidal river, makes a worthy (and luxurious) setting for the activities of our dear M. Poirot.

Mrs. Oliver, his detective-literary friend, has invited Poirot to Nasse on the strength of a "hunch." Nothing has yet happened, but something might—and I need hardly tell you that something does. A "Murder Hunt," organized by Mrs. Oliver, is to be one of the novelty-attractions of a fête: something goes agley, and the pre-arranged "victim" (an adenoidal Girl Guide called Marlene Tucker) becomes, poor little thing, a real one. Obviously, something must lie behind this—why *should* anyone wish to bump off Marlene? True enough, we are far from through with the toll of slayings. . . . As always (indeed, I feel, it could even seem impertinent to remark this!) the character drawing's full-bodied, the tension non-stop. Hattie, the moron *châtelaine*, is a triumph; and you'll enjoy the international hikers from the Youth Hostel.

★ ★ ★

WITH an opening demure, domestic as a page from Jane Austen, **The China Roundabout**, by Josephine Bell (Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. 6d.), has an end like an Elizabethan tragedy. More and more mystery, tinged with violence, accumulates in what seemed, that first afternoon, a drab but highly respectable Hampstead house. Gloom of summer rain fills the ground floor rooms entered by Eileen Forrestal and her mother: here, out of touch with his relatives, had lived Uncle Monty (or Major Beresford). Now, he lies dead in a London hospital. And where, oh where, is the china roundabout?

From the time this pretty (and valuable) jewelled-and-porcelain musical box re-enters Maple Square, things begin to go wrong. The late major had subdivided his house: each floor had its tenants—some shady, some merely seedy. All have in common one interest: the china roundabout.

Mrs. Forrestal's lamentable exit from the story lowers the character interest a shade, I think. One misses the fussy, plaintive, pig-headed lady. In view of the still grimmer dramas to follow, she is possibly better out of it all, poor lady. Eileen, left to cope, is aided by more than one sleuth. Full marks for "atmosphere" go to *The China Roundabout*.

—Elizabeth Bowen



"BLOWING OUT" is the title of this remarkable photograph by Dr. S. Y. Chen of Hong Kong. It is one of the many appearing in "Photograms of the Year 1957" (Iliffe, 18s. 6d.), the annual review of world photography



KATHLEEN HALE has told a fresh adventure of Orlando (The Marmalade Cat) in "The Frisky Housewife" (Country Life, Ltd., 8s. 6d.), from which the above picture is taken

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

by Robert Tredinnick



"NIKKI" (Chatto and Windus, 5s.) is Virginia Graham's tale of a little Russian bear, illustrated by Gillian Bunbury, one of whose drawings is above



"THE TIGER WHO WENT TO THE MOON" (Max Parrish, 7s. 6d.) is written and drawn by Nancy Spain



THE CHARMING crested tit is featured in "Interesting British Birds" by Kathleen N. Daly, which Blackie has issued (7s. 6d.)

THERE was a time when the actual content of children's books was of little importance compared to the necessity for bulk and illustrations.

Happily this sprat to-bait disinterested aunts, uncles and the like is losing its attraction because many of the publishers of children's books are making every effort to maintain a definite policy regarding the standard of the contents of such books.

Specially interesting are the Reindeer Books (Hamish Hamilton, 8s. 6d.), of which there are eight designed for children to read for themselves, written with a refreshing, easy style which must make instant appeal. This series caters for the young child, and Noel Streatfeild's *The Grey Family*, Donald Smee's *One Boy And His Dog*, and *The Secret*, by Dorothy Clewes, are particularly entertaining.

Bruce Carter has written another first-class adventure story, *Target Island* (Hamish Hamilton, 10s. 6d.)—"it was America that Matty, Nigel and Richard hoped to reach when they sailed away westward in the little sloop"—it would be unfair to say more than that their adventures are full of excitement and mystery.

The Tiger Who Went To The Moon (Max Parrish, 7s. 6d.), written and illustrated with ingenious imagination by Nancy Spain, presents yet another delightful story of Nicky and his tiger Simpkin with the space-proof stripes. Miss Spain also introduces us to Baxy, a character who could, I believe, make an annual appearance with increasing success!

A BIG demand will be found for Jean Cree's *A Pockelful Of Ponies* (Witherby, 7s. 6d.), which is both informative and easy to read. Any child interested in horses will be enchanted with *The First Rosette*, by Christine Pullein-Thompson (Burke, 7s. 6d.). This story is the first in a new series devoted to the horse adventures of ten-year-old David Smith.

The Winter Book For Boys (Burke, 8s. 6d.) is an expertly written antidote for too much television. Amongst the subjects covered are "Bird-Watching In Winter," "Keeping An Aquarium," "Making And Running Model Cars," "Judo" and "Making Your Own Films."

Gee Denes has again designed and illustrated another John and Jennifer book with story told by Elsie M. Harris. This time *John And Jennifer Go To London* (Nelson, 6s. 6d.). As a guide for the young and not so young it is accurately concise.

For the young, archaeologist Ronald Jessup simply and enthusiastically imparts much of his expert knowledge in *Puzzle Of The Past* (Rathbone Books, 15s.), with art work by Norman Battershill and Kenneth Symonds and diagrams by the Isotype Institute.

Hannah Bellis, L.L.A., in *Twentieth-Century Cavalcade* (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), tells the story of fourteen of the famous men and women of our own century with accurate and interesting clarity. *Butterflies And Moths* (Andre Deutsch, 63s.) offers thirty-four colour plates showing a hundred and fifty butterflies and moths. There is a descriptive note on each and an informative introduction by Alfred Werner. This book is indeed a triumph of colour photography and printing.

ONE hundred and twenty-eight birds are dealt with by Kathleen N. Daly in *Interesting British Birds* (Blackie, 7s. 6d.). In addition there are twenty-four colour plates and one hundred line drawings by Eric Tansley and Robert Aitchison.

The Young Eve (Blackie, 15s.) is a weekend book for teenage girls. It is edited with careful understanding by Constance Holt, and contains much that will give pleasure to the growing girl.

Joseph E. Chipperfield adds yet another first-rate story to his name with *Dark Fury* (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), illustrated by G. Gifford Ambler. The author tells the story of the last of the great wild stallions, and Kirk Merrett's pursuit of him across the deserts of Utah to the Lost Canyon of Idaho, with an intensity that keeps his reader enthralled. John Robb's *Sioux Arrow* (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) is an honest-to-goodness, quick-moving Western, and John Davies introduces plenty of action and excitement into his Junior Novel *Mystery Flight* (Ward, Lock, 8s. 6d.).

It has been left to Bernard Newman and Louis MacNeice to write two of the best books for children this year. Bernard Newman tells his story in *Real Life Spies* (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), and does it with thrilling fascination. Louis MacNeice offers *The Sixpence That Rolled Away* (Faber and Faber, 10s. 6d.), illustrated with humour by Edward Bawden. This is a charming story told with a superb economy of words.

My Two Worlds

NORA WYDENBRUCK

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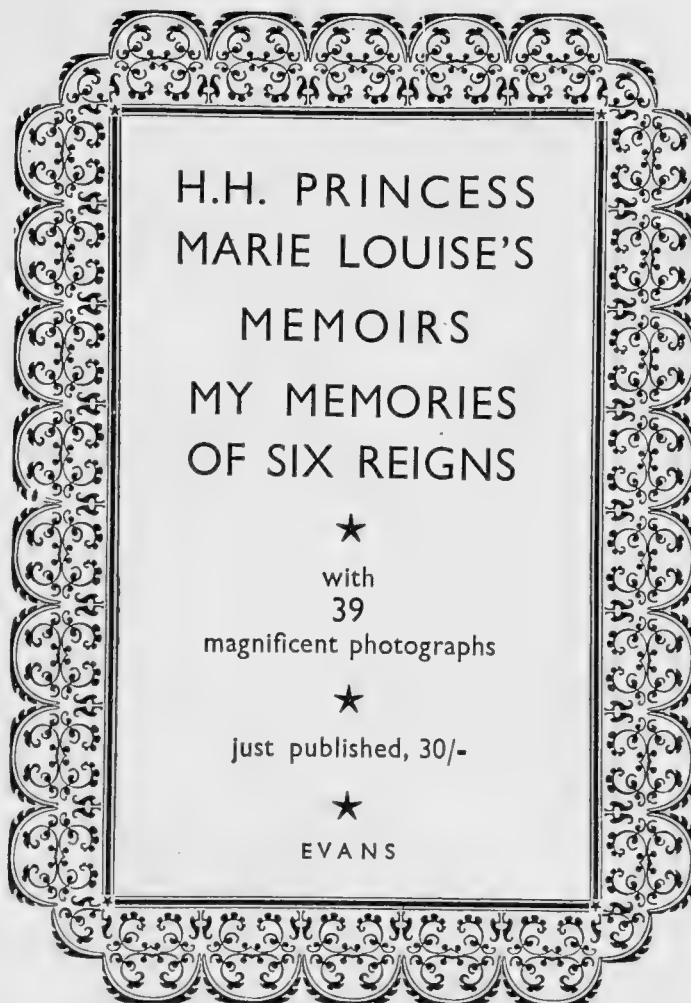
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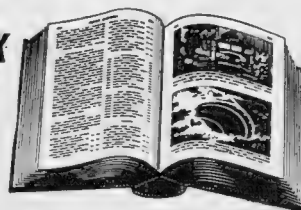
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Vandyk

Miss Lavinia Mary Hugonin, daughter of Lt.-Col. Francis Hugonin, O.B.E., and Mrs. Hugonin, Stainton House, Stainton in Cleveland, Yorkshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. John Robert Mowbray, son of Sir George Mowbray, Bt., and Lady Mowbray, Warrennes Wood, Mortimer, Berks

THEY ARE ENGAGED

[Continuing on page 601]

Miss Gabrielle Anne Mary Schilizzi, elder daughter of Mr. John and Lady Sophia Schilizzi, of Chacombe House, Banbury, Oxfordshire, is engaged to Capt. Gordon Shafto Hedley, late 17th/21st Lancers, only son of the late Major Ivor M. Hedley, 17th Lancers, and of Mrs. James Hamilton, of Gloucester Road, S.W.7



Marre



Yevonde

Miss Margaret Mortrose Graham, elder daughter of Mr. J. A. P. Graham, of Inverasdale, Ross-shire, and Mrs. G. S. Pim, of Beechwood, Cookham Dene, Berks, is engaged to Mr. J. J. M. Glasse, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Glasse, of Easton House, Corsham, Wiltshire



Bassano

Miss Charlotte Pumphrey, elder daughter of the Rev. M. E. C. and Mrs. Pumphrey, of Hunsdon Rectory, Ware, Hertfordshire, has become engaged to Mr. Adrian Alexander Bridgewater, son of Major P. A. C. Bridgewater, of Southdown, Tavistock, Devon, and the Hon. Lady Wrixon-Becher, of Courtlands, Corsham, Wiltshire



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Miss Karin Lewenhaupt, daughter of Count Eric Lewenhaupt and the late Countess Lewenhaupt, of Albert Hall Mansions, Kensington Gore, is engaged to Surg.-Lt. George Giri, Royal Navy, son of Mrs. Marina Giri, of Sussex Mansions, Old Brompton Road, Kensington, London, S.W.7

[Continuing from page 600]

THEY ARE ENGAGED

Miss Mary Scott Hardie, the younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. Hardie, of Dechmont House, West Lothian, Scotland, is engaged to marry Mr. Douglas Frederick Strachan, who is the younger son of Lord Justice and Lady Strachan, of Heriot Row, Edinburgh



Yerbury



EMULATE

Miss Susan Margaret Rogers, daughter of the late Mr. J. P. R. Hogg, and of Mrs. J. M. Haywood, and step-daughter of Lt.-Col. W. E. Rogers, of Barnes Cottage, Mawnan Smith, Falmouth, Cornwall, is engaged to Viscount Boyle, of Coulson Street, S.W.3, only son of the Earl and Countess of Shannon

Miss Susan June Beresford, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Marcus Beresford, of The Dover House, Roydon, Essex, is to marry Mr. Michael Hastings, younger son of Brig. and Mrs. C. A. H. Hastings, of Putney Park Avenue, S.W.15



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Lord Milford Haven is now planning a business trip to New-York. Next year he will fly aboard the new and faster long range Lockheed Luxury Liner via LUFTHANSA from Frankfurt.



Now in service: The Super Constellation

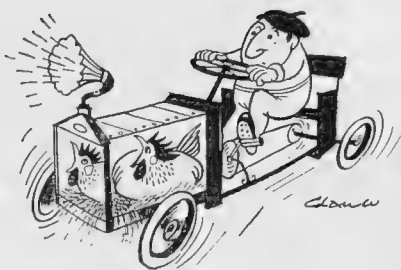
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Motoring

SOME TEMPTING CAR ACCESSORIES



SOMETHING can be done to moderate the harassed look of the Christmas present hunter if the designated beneficiary—as they put it on the forms—is a motor car owner. Motor cars, like all other transport vehicles, from perambulators to ocean liners, have a wide range of accessories and pieces of secondary equipment. Many of these things make quite good presents.

If I refer to my Motor Show notes I find there a longish list of accessories which took my notice. Some of them come within the present category. Even if I promise never to mention ash trays, there remain hosts of small fittings, from a few shillings in price to a few pounds, which are likely to be acceptable to almost any car owner.

Fog lamps are the most obvious gifts, seasonable in every sense, and (as with most of the things I shall mention) the big companies like Lucas and Smiths have a range which gives a wide choice. Among those who have specialized in fog and head lamps there is Notek, of Bromley, and, of course, Marchal. The Notek wide angle fog lamp costs £3 8s. and this company's fog and driving lamp about £5.

Increasing numbers of cars have windscreen washers fitted as standard; but where they are not fitted, the opportunity is made. The Trico washer is, I imagine, one of the best known, and Trico-Folberth also do wing mirrors and other accessories.

Now for a personal note about the weaknesses of windscreens and their wipers.

During a long journey in the rain last week, my windscreen wiper motor burnt out. I then cursed the day when the old-fashioned style of wiper was abandoned. It had a small lever inside the car enabling it to be moved by hand. If a modern wiper fails after having been in use for a few miles, it prevents the segment of glass which it has been sweeping from taking the rain in drops—it causes the rain to sheet, in what amounts to water laminations. These are most difficult to see through and they completely inhibit judgment of distance.

In my own case I was forced to peer out through a corner of the screen where the wiper had not operated. All of which brings me to two points: first a fitting of this kind should have a means of emergency operation unless and until it can be made a great deal more trustworthy than it is today, and, second, it is worth carrying in the car one of the specially treated cloths (Douglas Holt of New Addington offer this sort of thing) or chemical preparations which help to give a clear screen in the rain.

THE modern car is becoming much too dependent upon the functioning of certain components with little margin. For instance many cars cannot be started single-handed if the battery goes flat or partly flat; yet batteries rarely have the margins needed to give them a trustworthiness equal to that of the other major components of the car itself. So here is another present thought: battery chargers. The existence of these does not absolve the car maker from fitting batteries with bigger margins; but at least they enable the car owner to avoid the consequences of existing inadequacies.

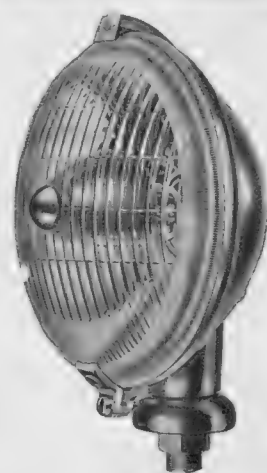
Now let me take from my list a few less ordinary accessories, all of them eminently presentable. There are "Tyrod" car mats, which are ingeniously made and help to keep the floor clean; steering wheel "gloves," which I do not like, but which many people do, and innumerable wheel trims. At the 1955 Motor Show I noticed a form of castor which could be fitted under the car wheels without much effort and which would then enable the car to be pushed about. The uses of such a device are many, but I did not notice this accessory at this year's Show.

—*Oliver Stewart*

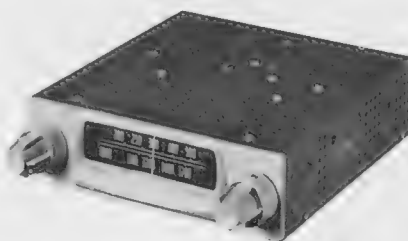
Here is the perfect gadget for keeping the car clean with the minimum of trouble and mess. The Nenette dust-absorbing polisher comes in a particularly gay Christmas wrapping. From Lexington Products Ltd. It will be a special boon to city motorists who have little opportunity to clean or wash their cars



A steering wheel cover makes for easy gripping when not wearing leather gloves. Karobes make this plastic steering glove for 7s. 6d



Designed for use in pairs at 155s. are Lucas's new 576 Twinlamps of which the fog lamp is shown here. Its pair is a long-range lamp



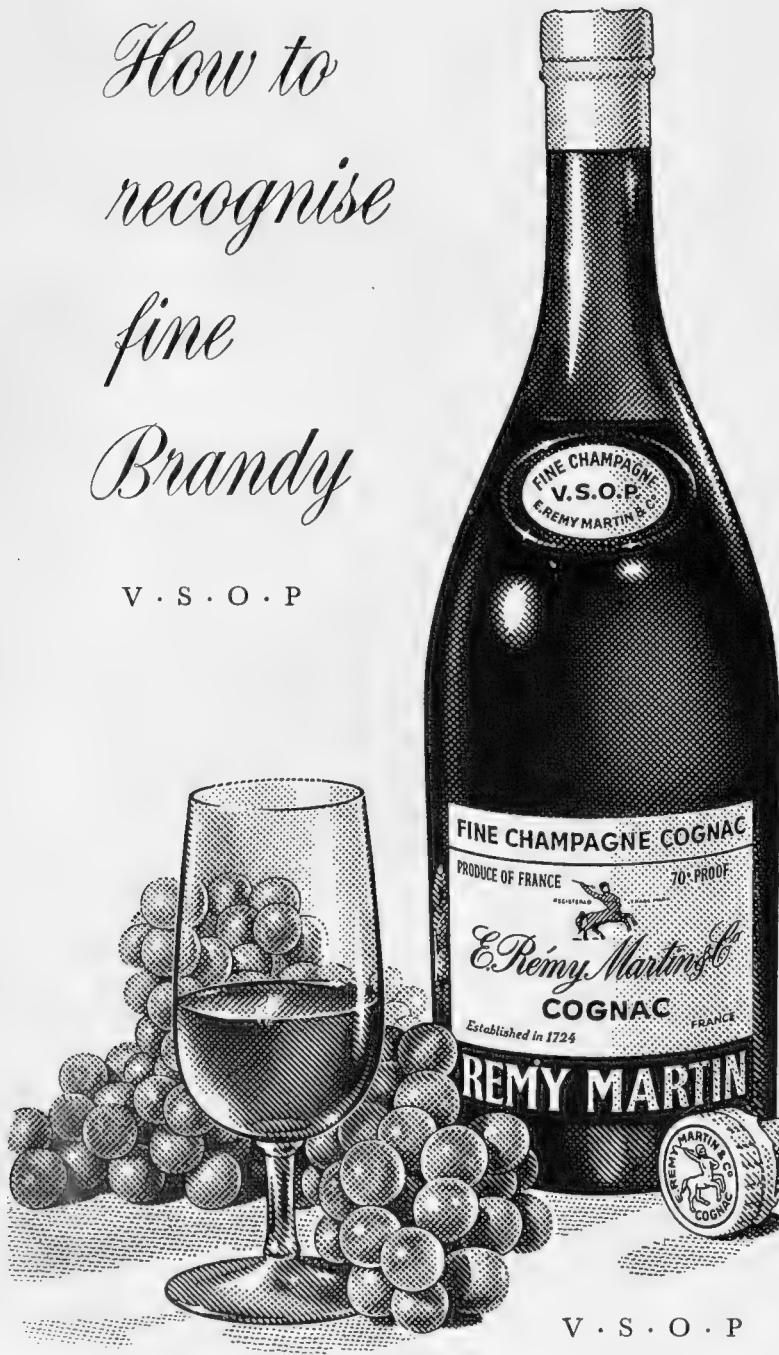
This car radio at 20 gns. is a new model marketed by Smiths Radio-mobile. Great simplicity of control has been achieved with it



No more stiff necks on a long run if you have one of these adjustable head or back rests by Karobes, price 28s. 6d. They are made to fit broad or narrow-backed seats

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Boldero—Bartlett. The marriage took place at Holy Trinity Church, Windsor, of Capt. Esmond Dunn Boldero, The Life Guards, the son of Sir Harold Boldero, D.M., of Hill Street London, W.1, and of the late Lady Boldero, and Miss Edwina Bartlett, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Bartlett, of Byways, Englefield Green, Surrey

THEY WERE MARRIED

[Continued on page 605]



Andrews—Watson. Dr. Harold Brian Andrews, only son of the late Capt. and Mrs. H. J. Andrews, of Speke Airport, Liverpool, married Miss Diana Watson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Watson, of Ainsdale, Southport, Lancashire, at the Church of St. John, Ainsdale



Rigby—McFerran. Mr. David E. Rigby, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Rigby, of Crofton Park, London, married Miss Cynthia Ann McFerran, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. R. A. McFerran, of Strabane, Co. Tyrone, N. Ireland, at the Good Shepherd Church, Sion Mills



Irving—Schubart. Lt. Robert A. S. Irving, R.N., son of Cdr. G. R. I. Irving, R.N., and Mrs. Irving, of Southsea, Hants, married Miss Elisabeth H. Schubart, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hans Schubart, of Stone Cottage, Lower Failand, Somerset, at St. Bartholomew's, Failand

Mawby—Grigg. Mr. John West Mawby, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Mawby, of The Red Lodge, Holbeach St. John, Lincolnshire, married Miss Margaret Anne Grigg, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Grigg, of Onslow Square, London, S.W.7, at St. Paul's, Onslow Square



(Continuing from page 604)

THEY WERE MARRIED



Welch—Mitcheson. Capt. Peter Welch, Royal Artillery, younger son of Capt. H. Welch, C.B.E., Royal Navy (retl.), and Mrs. Welch, of Alverstoke, Hants, married Miss Barbara Mitcheson, daughter of Dr. V. S. Mitcheson, J.P., and Mrs. Mitcheson, of Old Robus, Lyminge, Kent, at St. Joseph's, Cheriton, Folkestone

Rickett—Gilroy. Mr. Christopher Owen Rickett, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. F. Rickett, of Skeynes Park, Edenbridge, Kent, married Miss June Margaret Gilroy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Gilroy, of Lyall Mews, London, S.W.1, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Cownie—Bonham-Carter. Mr. James Rattray Cownie, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. James Cownie, of Johannesburg, South Africa, married Miss Sibella Irene Jill Bonham-Carter, only daughter of Air/Cdre. and Mrs. David Bonham-Carter, of Mariner's Cottage, Felixstowe Ferry, Suffolk, at the Old Parish Church, Felixstowe

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DINING AHEAD

Bounty of the West

TIMES are hard and difficult; there is tension and trouble in the world; taxation is terrific, and prices are rising, even those of our basic commodities such as bread. Nothing, however, can stop Christmas arriving and all that goes with it, which is a good thing; an excuse for a little gaiety is always worth while.

I am sure that food and drink in one form or another are among the most satisfactory presents that you can give or receive, especially as in most homes people have to spend so much extra on these things at this time of the year.

What a time one could have in the West End shops if one had just won a large sum of money in some sweepstake or lottery! You could do worse than start off at Fortnum and Mason, which is an agony to walk through unless you have at least a few pounds to spend. Among their wine hampers you have a wide choice from the Family Hamper at 15 guineas, which should keep you going for quite a long time as among the dozen bottles are two of gin and two of whisky, to Case No. 20 at £5, which contains four bottles of different Burgundies, 1949, selected by the Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin. One of them is a Volnay 1949, and this it certainly will be—and a fine wine to boot—not like the gentleman who reported a disgraceful bit of chicanery in the William Hickey column of the *Daily Express* recently which I quote:

"Some weeks ago at a Fleet Street eating house I drank a bottle of Volnay labelled 1949 with a friend, and afterwards wrote across the label: 'Not a great wine.' Yesterday, at the same table, I ordered Volnay again. And I got the same bottle—there, still plainly written on the '1949' label was: 'Not a great wine.' I sent it back."

I hope he also sent for the proprietor and the manager and raised hell. I expect that if he had ordered a bottle of Pomard '45 it would have come out of the same cask but in a bottle suitably labelled.

ALso available are some very fine decanters of Grande Champagne Cognacs, but they are expensive; from ten to twelve guineas each.

In the Food Department there are gift boxes, baskets and hampers galore from £1 10s. to 17 guineas, the last one containing everything you can think of except the turkey!

Another establishment I shall certainly visit is Paxton and Whitfield's shop in Jermyn Street to buy some fine English cheese; established in 1797 they have a large range of great quality.

If you are farther west you can spend all day and all your money with no difficulty at all at Harrods. Their Food Halls are a wonder to behold, and here again you have a large range of hampers from one to twenty guineas. In the Wine Department they have cases of wines and spirits from £2 to £20. You can also get wicker-covered demijohns (which hold the equivalent of six bottles) of port and sherry. One containing South African Medium Dry would cost you 80s., and an Amontillado from Spain, 110s.

The Cooked Meat Department also has some sensible hampers, the one at 14 guineas containing among other things a 12-14 lb. Norfolk turkey.

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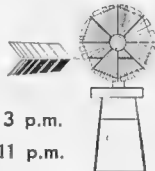
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What do these famous letters mean?



NO ONE seems quite to remember. The Hennessy family in Cognac say that when they first used the symbol many decades ago, letters such as V.S.O.P. and X.O., as well as the famous ★ markings, were chalked on the hogsheads of brandy by the blender as his personal guide to the brandy's maturity. V.S.O.P. probably meant 'Very Special Old Pale'.

Nowadays, however, as an indication of age and quality, the letters V.S.O.P. on liqueur brandies have become as equivocal in the brandy trade as the description 'Final Night Extra' on an evening newspaper.

But one thing is certain. *The label 'V.S.O.P.' means nothing unless coupled with the name of a shipper whose stocks are good*

enough, large enough and old enough to ensure continuity of quality and age.

Note for the Curious. Why 'Very Special Old PALE'? Because once upon a time there was a fashion for BROWN BRANDY, which was heavily coloured by the addition of burnt sugar.

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When you are on holiday in France, visit the Hennessy premises in Cognac. There you will learn with your own eyes and palate what V.S.O.P. was originally meant to stand for.

You will see the vast stocks of matured and maturing brandies. You will be able to taste their quality—choosing at random from this hogshead and that: and

you will learn why Hennessy loses none of its brilliance as it ages, but rather gains in character as it mellows in the wood.

You will learn from such a visit why no one in the world can offer you a better choice of genuinely aged Liqueur Cognacs than—

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V.S.O.P. — X.O. — EXTRA

P.S.—Hennessy ★★★ is very often served as a liqueur, and why not? It is drawn from the very same stocks as its elder brothers and matured for many years in wood.

Incidentally, it was Maurice Hennessy who, in the year 1865, chose the star as a symbol, inspired by the device embodied in the window catch in his office. You can see it for yourself when you visit Cognac.

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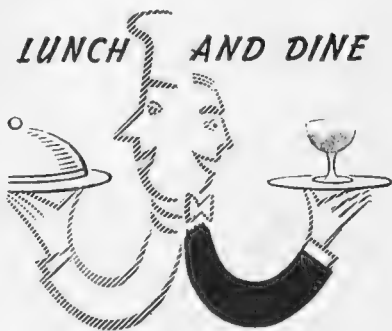
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DINING AHEAD [Continuing from page 606]

If it is liqueur chocolates you are after, Floris of Brewer Street have a very fine selection: their Morella Cherries floating in Bisquit Dubouché Cognac covered in chocolate, wrapped in tinfoil, and packed in wooden drums, at 18s. 6d. per lb. are superb. Benedictine and B. & B. (Bene and Brandy) liqueur chocolates are available at most stores in very attractive boxes at 10s. 6d., so is La Riva Sherry Solera, 1840, in little chocolate bottles standing up in a partitioned box for 12s. 6d. For my old nurse, who loves a small drop of wine now and again, I shall buy one dozen quarter bottles of St. Emilion at 2s. 2d. each from Lyons Cornerhouse, because it is a good wine and excellent value for money.

If you know people who are fond of a glass of fizz at 11 o'clock, you could give them a carton of six quarter bottles of Perrier-Jouet Special Reserve which would cost you 45s. Charles Heidsieck do the same thing at 43s. 6d.

Harvey's of Bristol put up some special cases. The one for the connoisseur at 13 guineas would gladden the heart of anybody and guarantee your Christmas, but there are others from 40s. upwards.

Books about food and wine are also acceptable because they can be read at any time and can be used for reference. Just published is *The Wine And Food Menu Book* by André Simon (Frederick Muller, Ltd., 21s.), which provides twelve entirely different menus for lunch and dinner, for simple and special occasions, to serve as examples of how to plan and prepare a meal. The recipes for every dish mentioned are given, and not only the wines which should be served at the same time, but also the reason why they should be selected.

Here are some other books I have read and enjoyed recently: *Swiss Venture* by Paul Townend (Robert Hale, Ltd., 21s.), in which the author gives a very good account of his experiences when he entered one of Switzerland's famous hotel schools to learn the art of becoming an efficient waiter, a barman and later a hotelier. *The Scots Cellar* by F. Marian McNeill (Richard Paterson, Edinburgh, 21s.), a comprehensive and amusing description of Scottish hospitality—there are chapters on beer, whisky and wine and recipes for some fine strong drinks: and *Good Appetite My Companion* by Victor MacClure (Odham's Press, 15s.), reminiscences of half a century of good living and gastronomic adventure. Instead of an expensive Christmas card you could give *An Alphabet Of Choosing And Serving Wine* by Raymond Postgate (Herbert Jenkins, 3s. 6d.), a tiny, pocket-sized book with a mass of useful information.

ONE bright idea is the Wine Tokens obtainable from Layton's Wine Lodge of Duke Street, Manchester Square, from the value of 3s. 8d. for half a bottle upwards. If you send your friends a voucher to the value of over £2, they have the privilege of turning up in person to taste some wines before they decide how to spend the Token.

An amusing present I received last week was a box containing six glass cloths for my personal bar, each one inscribed: "This glass cloth is for the personal and exclusive use of I. Bickerstaff, Esq." and depicting a portly gentleman resting in a very comfortable armchair with his feet in carpet slippers on a footstool, reading the *Evening News* with a goblet of wine beside him. The "I. Bickerstaff, Esq." is in the handwriting of the person who sent them.

It appears that these cloths are manufactured in Ireland and are obtainable at various stores. When you have written the name of the person you wish to send them to, they are returned to Ireland, where the name is reproduced in fast colours, and the cloths sent from there direct to the recipient.

—I. Bickerstaff



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DINING IN

For the hostess-cook

IN family circles, the various members generally know what gift or gifts will please the others. For a period before Christmas-time, everyone is on the alert to pick up clues as to what will be acceptable. In some households, however, father or mother suddenly becomes a little shy as to what he or she would like, but for the most part mother is wise enough to let her preference be known.

"Dining in" means "cooking in," which calls for kitchen equipment and utensils of all kinds, from efficiently sharp-bladed knives to pots and pans, with useful gadgets in between. Something novel and something labour-saving are welcomed by all hostess-cooks.

I HAVE been making a little tour of my favourite suppliers of useful kitchen presents—such things, as it were, that we ourselves would hesitate to buy because of their seeming extravagance—an extravagance which, very often, turns out to be a delight and a necessity. Paradoxically enough, this "extravagance" need not be expensive, because, sometimes, the tiniest little object is just the thing!

Sometimes, when passing through the stores, a small gadget, important out of all proportion to its cost, catches one's eye. Such a one caught my attention in Harrods ironmongery department, the other day. The "Snack Master" comes from the United States and is a perfect gift for a friend who gives cocktail parties. It comprises a 2½-inch tube with a plunger and a generous number of plastic cocktail "sticks."

The idea is to have on a board a selection of thin slices of cheese, salami, liver sausage, ham, pickled cucumber and other pickles, and, say, fruit like pineapple. Cut out rounds of them, in turn, until the tube is filled. Slip a cocktail "stick" down the centre, push the plunger and out comes a stickful of good things, selected as you wish. Extremely



[Continued on page 612]



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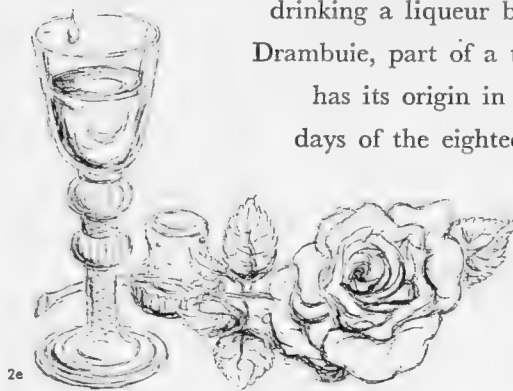


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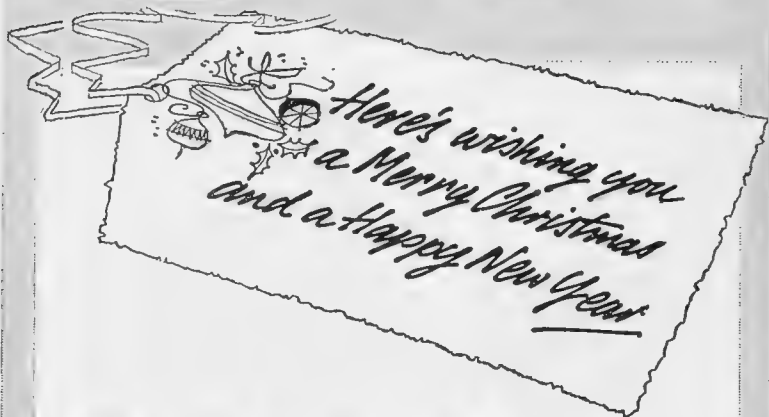
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NO FINER WHISKY GOES
INTO ANY BOTTLE



THIS ENCHANTING Christmas table decoration glows in the gentle flames of its candles. The flower department of Fortnum and Mason make it to your own colour scheme. Prices range upwards from two guineas

DINING IN (Continuing from page 610)

dainty and attractive. The "Snack Master" costs 9s. 6d. It is very new and very acceptable.

Close by in this same department, there was another very useful kitchen gift—simply a very compact grater-shredder, costing 12s. 6d., fitted on to a rectangular transparent box, so that whatever was grated or shredded fell easily and tidily into it.

And one more of the smaller things, costing 12s. 6d., was a lemon, orange or grapefruit squeezer. In appearance it resembled any of the old-fashioned types but, instead of rotating the fruit with one hand, one simply held it and rotated a handle backwards and forwards with the other hand. The juice is thus extracted very easily and very efficiently. The pith and pips are quickly removed under a fast-running tap.

In this country, home bakers decorate their Christmas and other cakes with the same materials used by professionals. For them (the home bakers) there is a most welcome new icing set of twelve pipes, each fitted on a studded base, covered with a dome-shaped top to protect their delicate tips. This is a "Tala" product, costing 17s. 6d., and is obtainable from any of the stores and most ironmongers. There is also a very useful "Tala" level for smoothing the surface of icing. As one edge of the ruler is serrated, it can be used to produce attractive wavy combed effects. The ruler is 14 inches in length, so it can cope quite easily with up to a 12-inch cake. The price is 2s. 6d.

STAINLESS steel, copper-bottomed saucepans, casseroles and frying pans are in all the stores these days, but they are expensive. Their chief value is the fact that the copper base ensures even spread of heat and does away with "spot burning," and the stainless steel is really stainless. I cannot think of any gift more acceptable to any woman (or man, for that matter) who cooks, for the irksomeness of foods sticking on the bottom of pans need no longer be the boggy that it is.

The "Prestige" people have brought out a range of saucepans of various capacities, from 1 quart (59s. 6d.) to 3½ quarts (87s. 6d.). The black plastic heat-resisting handles are "holed" for hanging. It would be a pity not to hang such decorative ware in the kitchen, their gleaming copper bases brightening the room. The lids are "vapour seal" self-basting, which means that the possibility of a pan boiling dry is considerably cut down.

The same firm has a range of casseroles, too, from 87s. 6d. (3½ quarts) to 119s. 6d. (6½ quarts). There are also fry pans and kettles in the same materials. From Sweden come saucepans and fry pans of heavier quality steel and copper—more expensive, of course.


In the past few years, we have come a long way in the matter of efficient kitchen knives. In the "Sky-line" range of stainless steel, hollow ground, scalloped edged cutlery, there is a wonderful selection, from 3-inch paring knives (5s. 6d.) to bread knives and ham slicers (10s. 6d.) each. I have been testing one of these knives—a 7-inch French cook's one (9s. 6d.)—and very efficient it is.

I HAVE always thought that those spiked based metal carving dishes were excellent gifts. This year, they are even better than they were. They come in rectangular instead of oval shapes with, as before, spikes in the base, so that a joint is firmly fixed. The improvement, this year, is the "tree well"—that is, little runnels in tree form. These carry the juices towards the end of the dish, where they run into a well from which they can be spooned out easily for serving. I think that anyone would welcome such a gift. These dishes, measuring 15 inches by 11 inches, cost 50s. 4d. each. I saw them in both Harrods and Heals.

Mention of carving dishes brings me to the "Kithurst" carving fork, which is something entirely different to anything we have known. Instead of the usual two long prongs, this fork has twelve sharp pointed short spikes on a disc. It is a handsome implement with an ivory-coloured handle and disc guard. Enthusiasts claim that it is far and away kinder to a joint or bird than the older two-pronged type. Many of the big stores (including Harrods) stock it. The price is 29s. 6d.

For a family whose members sometimes come in late for meals, and for all who like to entertain, one of the most exciting in the slightly more expensive gift range is the English Electric plate warmer. It costs twelve guineas and it is well worth it.

—Helen Burke



LILLET
THE DRY APERITIF THAT
IS DISTINCTLY DIFFERENT

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One of the differences being that many of our English friends enjoy LILLET as the ideal long drink.
(Approximately two-thirds Lillet with one-third gin. Add a lump of ice and a slice of lemon. Top up with soda water.)

Champagne

Charles Heidsieck
REIMS

V I N T A G E 1 9 4 9

Ask for
“**LA RIVA**”
always

SPAIN'S FINEST
**DRY
SHERRY**



The sunshine of France



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By journeying no further than to your wine merchant's, you can have much of the joy of a tour through France—land of sunshine and good living! Get his advice. *He'll* tell you that wine really means France, and France means a whole series of glorious wines—a choice for every taste and every mood. Every pocket, too: prices range from about 6/6 a bottle. Here's a brief reminder:

ALSACE

On the French side of the Rhine, Alsace produces many white wines of distinction. The dry Riesling, the robust Traminer, the elegant pale-green Sylvaner, the full, medium Muscat—all are crisp, clean, fresh and fragrant.

BORDEAUX

The pure and fragrant red Bordeaux (Claret to us) include Médoc, St. Emilion, Pomerol, and many others. Of the excellent white wines, Graves is on the dry side, Sauternes richer and sweeter. From honest *ordinaires* to superb château wines, Bordeaux offer fine value at every price.

BURGUNDY

Rich and full-bodied, the red Burgundies—Beaune, Nuits, Mâcon, Beaujolais, and many others—are perfect with roasts and grills. White Burgundies include fresh, dry Chablis and Pouilly Fuissé, golden Montrachet and Meursault.

CHAMPAGNE

The wine districts of Epernay, Rheims and Ay are consecrated to the production of a French miracle—Champagne, sparkling wine of sparkling gaiety! Champagne is the perfect drink for any festive occasion, and can be enjoyed from hors-d'œuvre to dessert.

LANGUEDOC/PROVENCE, ROUSSILLON & ALGERIA

The south of France, between Atlantic and Mediterranean, produces delicious wines—red, white and *rosé*—famous locally, but less known abroad. These wines, and those of Algeria, are modestly priced and excellent value.

RHÔNE

Much the best-known of the Côtes du Rhône wines is the glorious Châteauneuf du Pape from near Avignon. But there are many other favourites—such as Hermitage, Côte-Rôtie, and Tavel *rosé*.

TOURAINE/ANJOU

From the valleys of the Loire and the Cher come the fresh and ever-refreshing Rosé d'Anjou; delicate Vouvray, both still and sparkling; fruity Saumur; and Muscadet, with its distinctive fragrance.

Welcome to the glorious
Wines of France

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Christmas calls for the party spirit

GORDON'S is the festive drink that puts a glow in every glass. Bring out the Gordon's when friends call and a party springs to life. This is the gin that everyone likes—and how easy to serve to everyone's taste; with orange, tonic, or vermouth, or as the Heart of all good Cocktails.

Give Gordon's* this Christmas, as a gift and in the glass—that's the party spirit! Wine Stores as well as Off-Licences can now sell Gordon's Gin and Gordon's Cocktails in all sizes.



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V.O. GENEVER GIN

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CONSTANT LAMBERT, composer and conductor, painted by G. W. Lambert while he was at Christ's Hospital School, where a high standard of music is maintained. The choir of the school has been beautifully recorded under its own conductor, by His Master's Voice (H.M.V. DLP. 1133). The illustration comes from *The Christ's Hospital Book*, Publisher, Hamish Hamilton



Christmas Records

STRAIGHT AND SWEET

GRAMOPHONE records or record tokens make admirable presents for Christmas, and this year there has been an all-out drive to offer something for the most fastidious taste, the current selection varying from the inevitable Christmas carol to the very latest number to crash the "hit parade."

There will be many, for example, for whom the L.P. of the new Drury Lane Theatre musical *Fanny* will have particular appeal especially as the principal singer is Ezio Pinza. (H.M.V. CL 1099.)

I commend Quartet No. 10 ("Harp") by Beethoven, played by the Quartetto Italiano (Columbia 33 CX. 1396), and for those to whom the spoken word is a delight, Dame Edith Evans, Cecil Parker, Claire Bloom, and a company of famous actors and actresses bring music to delight the ear with their presentation of Sheridan's *The School For Scandal*. (Columbia 33 CXS. 1387-9)

Vipers Skiffle Group makes a bow with "Pick A Bale Of Cotton," and "Ain't You Glad" (Parlophone R. 4238), while Earl Bostic offers something typically individual in style for his fans with "For All We Know," and "Beyond The Blue Horizon" (Parlophone R. 4232.)

SARAH VAUGHAN "Sings After Dark" for a second time on her newest E.P. which includes "Tenderly," and "I'm Thru With Love" (M.G.M. EP-572), while comparative newcomer to records Kenneth McKellar, with Bob Sharples orchestra accompanying, sings, "Ring The Bluebells Of Scotland," and "Rothesay Bay," in a way that shows just why he has earned himself a long-term contract. (Decca F. 10811.)

No list of possible records for Christmas this year could be complete without mention of at least one Bill Haley recording, and I suggest that "Rudy's Rock," and "Blue Comet Blues" fills the bill very nicely. He plays, of course, with his famous Comets. (Brunswick 05616.)

Mel Tormé follows his top-selling "Mountain Greenery" with "All Of You," and "It Don't Mean A Thing," presented with the slick sophistication we associate with this musicianly young singer. (Vogue-Coral Q. 72202.)

IN the United States there are L.P. records designed to aid almost every phase of the ordinary daily round. "Music For Ironing," "Music For Washing-up," are but two of the examples of titles put out for the benefit of the record-buying public. In this genre I find there is quite a deal to be said in favour of "Music For The Tired Businessman," played by the Edward Kay Ensemble. (Oriole MG. 10014.)

"Perfect For Dancing" (No. 1, Oriole MG. 10007, and No. 2, Oriole MG. 10015) introduces a couple of first-rate selections of some of the most popular tunes of all time, played by Tommy Kinsman and his band; both these records are "perfect for dancing"! And there will be many who will agree that Mike Shaun has made an auspicious recording début with "Love Is A Gamble," and "Mirabelle." (Oriole CB. 1336.)

—Robert Tredinnick



Make someone happy with a *very* special Christmas Gift



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Made in Sheffield in hammered finish, with the traditional glass base, and containing an airtight tin of 50 State Express 555 cigarettes.
 1/2 Pint Tankard, 30/-
 1 Pint Tankard, 39/6



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Colourful outers with a picturesque illustration of seasonable character.
 50 State Express 555, 10/5
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STATE EXPRESS 555 *The Best Cigarettes in the World*

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A BUSY CHAP THIS ONE! But is he hot and bothered? Not he!... not since he discovered the freshening-up properties of Prince Gourielli preparations! This exclusive range includes Shaving Cream, After-Shave, Tonic Hair Groom and Cologne, Soap and Talcum... all with a rugged, man-alive scent. They're available in handsome cocktail-shaker flasks, or non-spill plastic bottles, from half a guinea. Or (women-folk please note for Christmas!) there's a choice of Travel Kits, each containing three preparations. Now, our hero faces the morning-after-anything, cool and alert. An evening refresher course with his Prince Gourielli kit—and he's revived and invitingly nice to know! *From good-class stores and chemists.*



PRINCE GOURIELLI

Toilet Preparations for Men

Proprietors and Distributors: Helena Rubinstein Ltd., 3 Grafton Street, London, W.1

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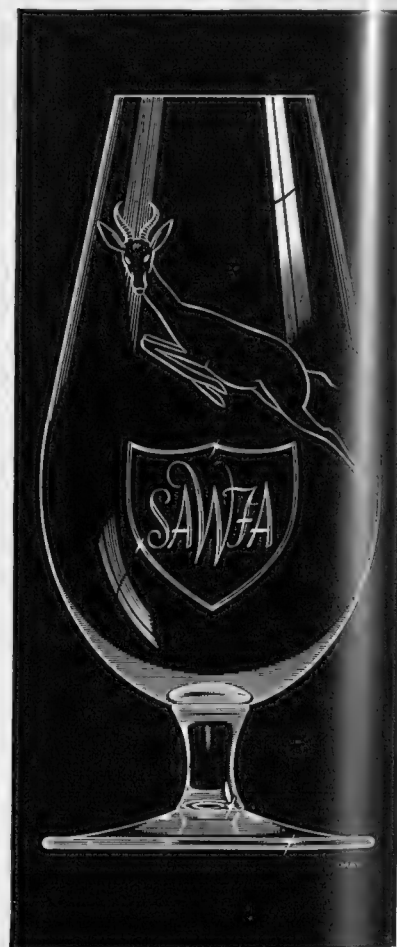
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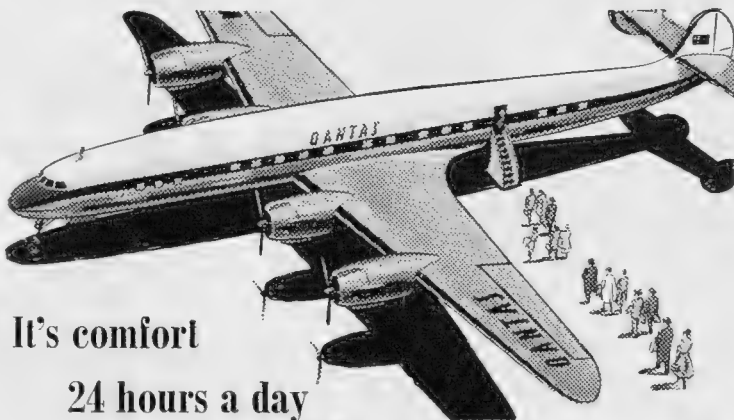
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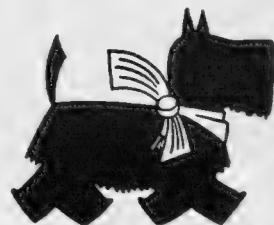
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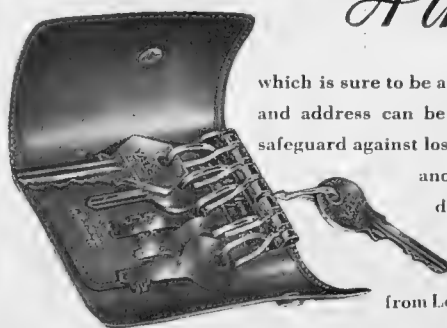
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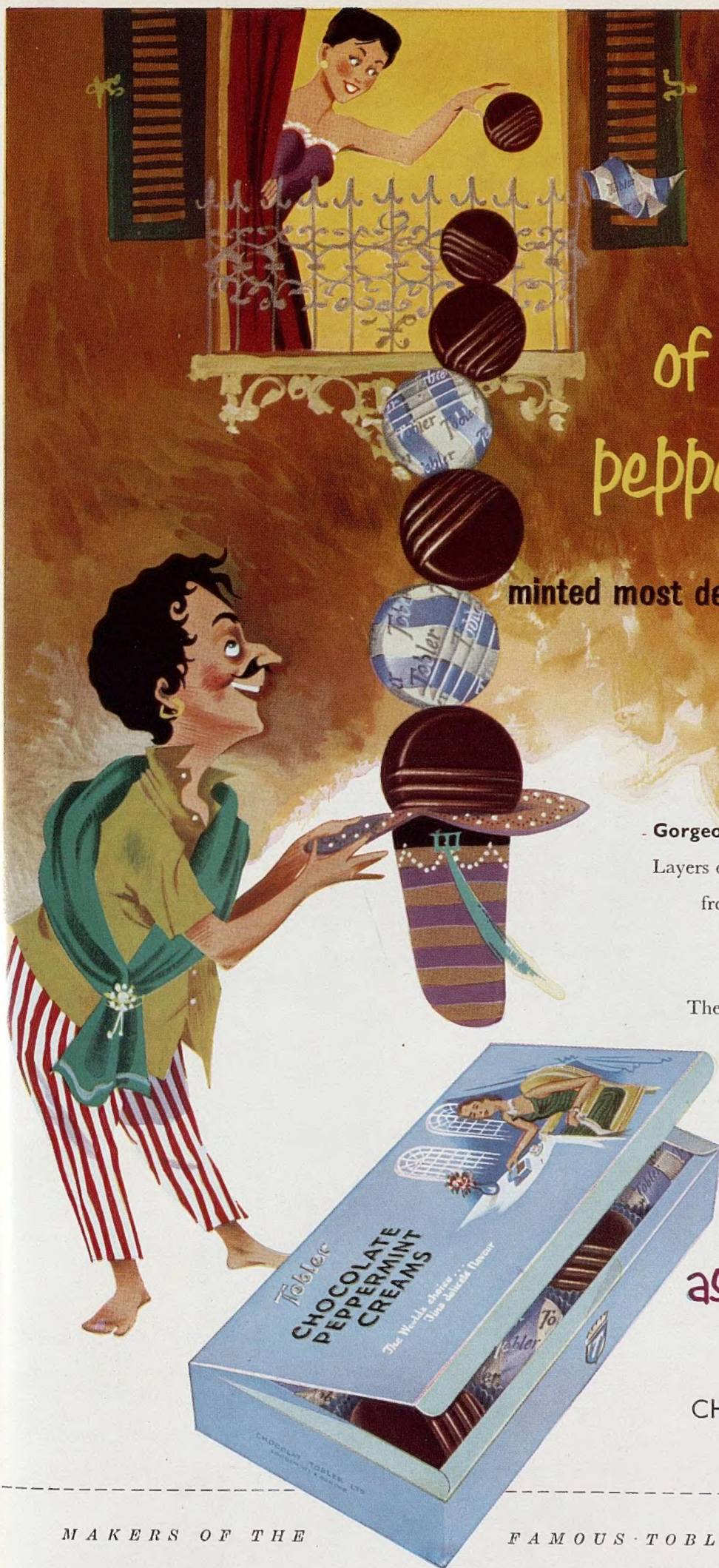
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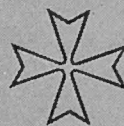
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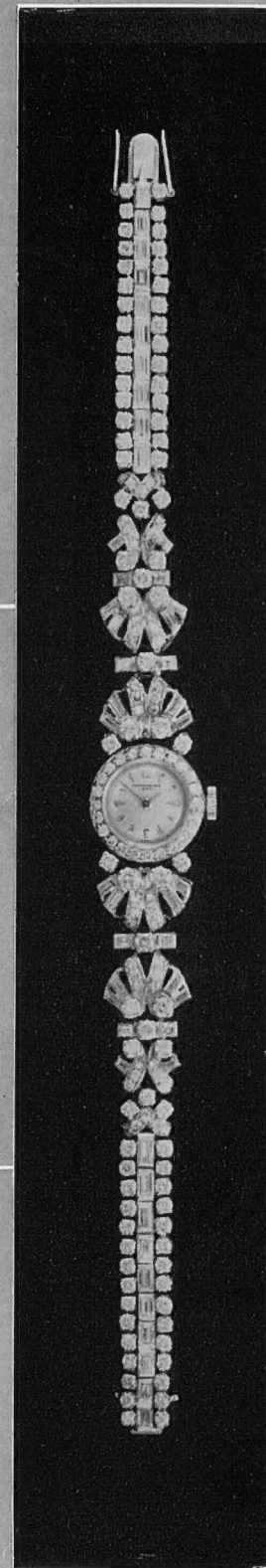
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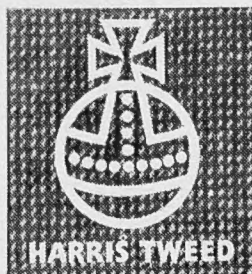
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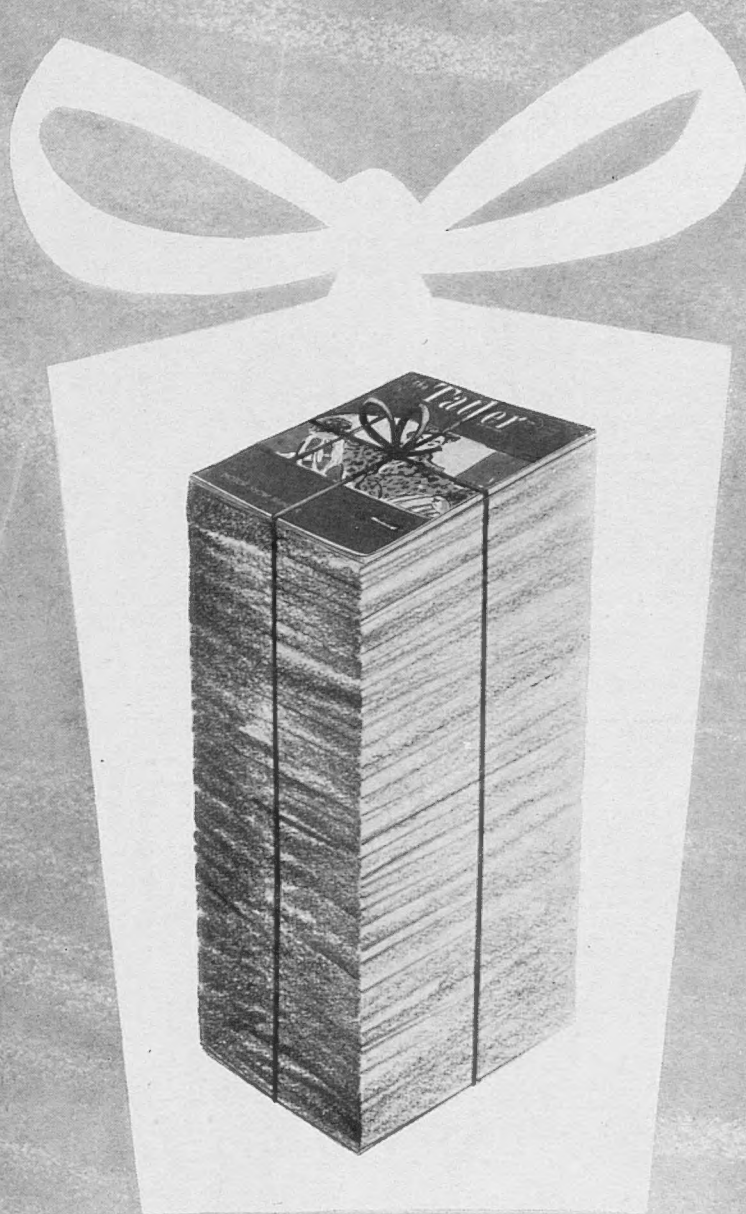


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